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Pro-Slavery.

ARGUMENT FOR THE REOPENING OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

[The writer of the following letter was formerly editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) *American*. He is now editor of the *Southern Cultivator* and Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the University of Georgia.]

From The Georgia Constitutionalist.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Feb. 7, 1859.

JAMES GARDNER, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:* In your letter you say: "The future of the South is wrapt in much mystery to me, in view of the scarcity of negro labor, and the relative decline of her political power. How are we to make her stronger within, and more populous, in her present area?"

Grave and momentous as are your questions, I will not decline answering them by the aid of the best light before me. To make the future of the South all that it ought to be, we have only to do now what ought *now* to be done. The fruit of an oak tree does not produce itself. It comes from the vitality in an acorn, planted long before. What the present generation shall plant in the soil of the South, future generations must reap. Our forefathers planted the seeds of negro labor and negro slavery in this quarter of the world; and although the crop has been badly cultivated, from an early and a misplaced fear of a failure, yet the harvest is giving pretty general satisfaction, and more seed is wanted of the same sort. Living as we do in an age of great improvement and rapid progress, the Southern mind is able to discover and remedy such defects in the application of negro labor as render it inferior to the labor of white persons for any industrial purpose. All that has been done to elevate the black race in the scale of moral, social, intellectual and Christian culture, and all that has been done to develop and utilize every power of body and mind that God has given them, can be five-fold better done to the heathen savages that may be hereafter brought from Africa. For the right use of our ability to do good to our fellow-creatures, we are responsible to Heaven. We have no right to repeat the wrongs and sins of the past; but we have a right to judge for ourselves, and for the South, what right is, and what wrong is, in a matter that lies between us and the Author of our being. We are not bound to accept the resolves of an Abolition Convention, nor the enactments of a very fallible Congress, as the final settlement of all questions relating either to the material interests or the moral obligations of citizens who are able to think and act without any special, foreign guardianship.

In visiting the principal coal and iron districts of Maryland, within the past six months, I was forcibly impressed by the wealth of the State in valuable minerals, and by the large sums expended to construct the Chesapeake and Ohio canal and a railroad from the Cumberland mines to Baltimore. The canal from the coal region to tide water at Georgetown and Alexandria has more than twice the business capacity that the Erie canal has had for the last thirty years, before its enlargement; and yet, from the lack of labor to dig and deliver coal on boats and cars, these expensive works, and the business connected therewith, are languishing, and either yielding no interest on the investment or a small one. In visiting the coal, iron, salt and gold producing districts of Virginia, I found the same want of cheap labor to develop the much larger mineral resources of that noble old Commonwealth. Her citizens and her Legislature are expending many millions on public works to reach her mineral treasures, which cannot be productive any more than wild land without the judicious application of human labor. The same remarks will apply to the coal, iron and gold that so abound in North Carolina. South Carolina and Georgia have much gold-bearing granite and sand from which cheap labor would extract indefinite millions of the precious metal. The copper, coal and iron mines of Tennessee need nothing but the honest toil of human muscles to produce incalculable wealth. Arkansas and Missouri are hardly, if any, less rich in valuable minerals. Indeed, I think it more than probable that Missouri may yet excel all other States, except California, in the value of her coal, iron, salt, copper, lead, silver, and other minerals, taken in the aggregate. One million pounds of her lead have yielded three hundred and fifty pounds of pure silver. The copper region of Missouri covers over seventeen million acres; while her iron and coal formations are wonders, for their magnitude, in geological science. The silver mines of Arizona are within the legitimate range of Southern institutions and enterprise. Fully to meet the mineral requirements of the South will demand the labor of a million of men in the next twenty years; and it is a practical question of the highest moment whether we shall bring any of these laborers from Africa or not. Speaking of that continent and its inhabitants, Mr. Harper says:

"In western Africa, which contains a population of forty or fifty millions, slaves are sold at two or three pounds (ten or fifteen dollars) a head. The supply which that entire country would furnish is incalculable and inexhaustible. Even the feeble State of Brazil imported, prior to 1850, about seventy thousand slaves a year from Africa, and did it under the discouragements and harrassments of a British squadron on the African coast, which oppressed and coerced her traders, as Great Britain will ever do to a weaker power."

It is not altogether impossible for the people who live on the little island of Great Britain to learn, one of these days, the wisdom of minding their own business, and of letting Brazil and the United States take care of their interests in negroes without British interference.

For one, I am happy to learn from such good authority as Mr. Harper that there is so much unemployed power in human muscles in western Africa; and that this dynamical force may be had at from ten to fifteen dollars, as it exists in each person, ready for active and useful employment. It seems providential, in view of the fact that the South now has nearly, if not quite, *seven hundred thousand square miles* of wild and unimproved land, and mines of vast extent and inestimable value, which require human labor alone to render both exceedingly productive. It will not be pretended that the laborers already in the Southern States, whether white or black, have not all the land and all the mines they need, and all the work they are willing to perform, while they leave unimproved, unproductive, and therefore valueless, for the time being, the lands and mines to which I have just referred. Not one industrious person, male or female, bond or free, would I throw out of profitable employment by bringing into the South either a black man from Africa or a white man from Europe to take his or her place. All I ask or contemplate is to take a million of men and women, now worthless in Africa, and make their labor so productive in working the now unproductive gold, copper, iron, coal and other mines in the Southern States as to cause these mines to pay a good interest on a thousand million dollars at their just valuation; and to cause the now valueless muscles of these savages to pay a fair interest on a valuation of a thousand dollars each, or of five hundred, as the future may develop.

In one year after they commence work in the mines, they will refund all the money paid for them in Africa, together with the cost of bringing them to their respective places of employment in the most humane and comfortable manner. They will then be worth, at five hundred dollars a head, five hundred million dollars to the South, as an enduring, ever-living and reproducing industrial power. Under the three-fifths representation in Congress, and allowing one hundred thousand inhabitants to a delegate or member, they will give the South six new representatives. And while they will more than pay interest on fifteen hundred million dollars in mines and slaves, they will incidentally create such a demand for farmers, gardeners, mechanics, artisans, merchants and professional men, by the immense business of a million active miners, that a million of immigrants from Europe will settle in the vicinity of these new centres of Southern enterprise and industry. From this source the South will gain ten more representatives in Congress. Can there be a doubt of the fact that immigrants from Africa and Europe, and their off-spring, have made the improvements of the South, just as we now see them? To extend these colossal works, worthy now of any great empire, consolidate its strength, and harmonize all interests, the South must draw equally on Europe and Africa for living men and women to complete what it has so skillfully and nobly begun. To open the ports of the South to all immigrants from Europe, and close them against all immigrants from the parent land of the negro, is to discriminate against the labor of the latter without any good reason whatever. If a free, white, voting man cannot meet on equal terms of commercial freedom the black, non-voting African, it is a confession of weakness, and of incurable idleness, most disgraceful to the party making it. If I bring ten negroes from the valley of the Niger to till my land, I wrong no white man in Georgia, or elsewhere, a particle more than I should by bringing ten Germans from their fatherland to do the same thing. If I have a moral right to do the one thing, I have to do the other. If the negroes are wild and worthless, that is my business to look after, not another man's. DANIEL LEE.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS DESTITUTION OF THE SLAVE STATES.

[We copy the substance of an address, in behalf of the Southern Aid Society, lately delivered in Philadelphia by the Rev Joseph C. Stiles, D.D., Secretary of the Society. The report is from the *North American and U. S. Gazette.*]

COMPARE the North and the South. There is both destitution and power in the North and the South, but the *destitution* comparatively abounds at the South; the *power* at the North.

In the South they have not the same knowledge as at the North, they have not the same facilities—Sunday schools and churches—for diffusing that knowledge. Not only is the white population inferior in this respect, but one-third of the entire inhabitants of the South are colored. How far, then, are they below us in actual knowledge? And they are as far below us in the means of diffusing that knowledge. There is one minister to every nine hundred people in the North—one to thirteen hundred in the South. Then, again, the Northern are, as a general rule, better educated—one in three belonging to those denominations where the ministry is, as a general rule, well educated—while in the South the ratio is but one in six. Again, the salaries of the ministry are not sufficiently large to enable them to give their entire attention to the work of the ministry, and the people are about twice as hard to reach as in the North.

The characteristic of the North is Missionary power both in ministers and in money. The wealth of the North lies more in the Church than at the South. One dollar in every hundred belongs to the Church in the North; one to over two hundred in the South. The North counts forty millions of Church property. They are trained to give in the North. Missionary destitution abounds at the South. The power to alleviate it is placed in the hands of the North.

Another argument is founded on the geographical relation of the North to the South, as compared with its relation to the rest of the world. They are side by side, and have means of intercourse bringing them near together. The climate brings the Northern man South in winter, and the Southern man North in summer. Commerce brings them together—social relation brings them together. To reach any other people we have to cross an ocean, traverse a continent, learn a language, and break down barriers of superstition, before we can commence our operations. There is a prior obligation to bring the gospel to those at hand.

If they see us passing them by, to preach to foreign lands, will it not arouse jealousy and strife between these two sections of the country?

Then consider our national brotherhood. We all make *one* country. We have one covenant of fraternity. When in loneliness men come together for society, and in weakness they unite for protection. In a covenant thus formed there is an obligation to do all that is possible to advance civilization, and the mutual interests of both parties. But it is the Gospel, and the Gospel only, that can and does do this, and does everything that tends to our advancement. How, then, can we honestly hold to this union and withhold from them that Gospel from which, alone, they can derive all those benefits we wish to afford them?

When two human beings are thrown together, they violate their human nature if their common difficulties and trials and struggles do not bring them nearer together. The inhabitants of the North and South, together, endured hardships and sufferings before they were driven away, by persecution, from their native shores. In the early settlement of this country they struggled and fought and conquered together; together they formed a Constitution, together they fought and bled in resistance to aggression in 1812, and conquered together. And, again, in the war with Mexico, they together stood side by side, and commanded the admiration of the world by their heroism and valor. They meet together in our great statesmen; coming from every part of our happy land. Every one of their achievements have brought us together. We are bound close together by every step in our history, and compelled more and more to love one another.

This covenant of brotherhood is sanctioned by our prosperity. There has been fellow feeling; the North aiding the South, or the South the North, in adversity. And what a fabric has been erected by this cooperation of effort. There are those things in it of which I am ashamed; but the sun has blots upon the disc; and while lamenting them, we may exult in our advancement and attainments. Look at our manufactures! Behold our educational institutes, churches and benevolent institutions! Our magnificent commercial marts, and the seeds of States and nations springing up in the vast West. See its signs of prosperity; and our country bound together. Where was ever such a nation before? And if these results have been accomplished by the cooperation of the North and the South, is it not God's endorsement of his approval? If we fail to cherish a warm-hearted philanthropy between different members of our Confederacy, to what shall we look?

This argument is enhanced by a view of this Union in a secular aspect. We are united politically, commercially, socially. Shall we hold to these forms of union, and break in that union of the Gospel? Where is our sincerity in our professions of regard for union if we hold back from them the Gospel? Christ loved unto death even those who hated him. While we hold to this union, we bind ourselves to give them the Gospel which he gives us.

We are united to those men by a sacred Christian brotherhood. What is the most glorious object in the universe? Is it those mighty orbs revolving through space—it may be around the heavenly throne? Ah! no. The glorious family of God—the angels obedient to His will—are a far more entrancing sight. The blood of Christ has been freely spent to gather here another branch of the Christian family; and the inspiring motive of such a family should be a love like Christ's, that would lead them to spend and be spent for others. Look at the South. Many are there engaged in secular pursuits who would be preaching the Gospel, but they have not the means. Does not a Christian brotherhood demand that we should aid them?

The North is bound to aid the South, in view of her dispensations to the West and other Northern fields. Where is a destitution equal to that of the South? In Union Presbytery the salaries of its twenty ministers average $212 each. One receives but $36 a year. In Northern Missouri, of ten ministers, only one is supported by his congregation. You will not find one State North that is not better supplied with preaching than the best supplied in the South. The South is, therefore, a wider missionary field than the North. The West is closer bound by ties of consanguinity and acquaintance, owing to the tendency of emigration in that direction. Hence, they are aided more extensively, but so disproportionately as to be unjust. Hundreds of thousands are annually contributed specially to the West, and only ten or twelve thousand are given exclusively to the South, outside of that disbursed indiscriminately by national denominations.

These are the foundations of duty. The man in the South is as much our fellow-man as the man in the North, just as much a sinner, and just as easily saved. Labors in his behalf are just as much commanded, and his salvation is just as acceptable, as that of the man in the West. The obligation of the North toward him has been explicitly acknowledged by the North. In 1810 we joined in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In 1816 the American Bible Society formed, and in 1826 the American Home Missionary Society declared it to be our duty to send the Gospel to all the United States, and it did so for thirty years. The claims are just as great now as then; they are the same, unchanged in every respect. All the circumstances that existed then exist now, and the obligation is just as great now as ever.

In consequence of a change in the American Home Missionary Society, another has risen to see that the South is supplied with the Gospel. Fifteen years ago, some in the extreme North withdrew from that Society. Some of the brethren became fearful, and made efforts to withhold aid from the South. In view of this, five years ago some of our brethren organized the Southern Aid Society. Since then, the American Home Missionary Society passed a resolution resolving not to aid Churches in which there were slaveholding members, unless they were held in a manner justified by the peculiar circumstances of the case. Many Churches were thus thrown upon us, and we became the almoners of those who are still disposed to aid the South. We, therefore, became sectional in our operations because national in spirit. We are not denominational. We aid many branches of Christ's Church. We have collected $30,000 or $40,000. We are supporting or aiding many who are preaching to the colored population. We have the testimony of committees of Presbyteries that preaching would, in many cases, have been abandoned had it not been for our Society; and other Churches are contributing more largely than would have been the case but for us. Our office expenses have been borne entirely by a few directors of the Society, so that all the contributions to the Society go directly to the Southern members.

I believe, before God, from the past and present condition of our Church and country, that it is the duty of the North and South to cultivate friendly relations. If we regard slavery as a sin, is there a better way to remedy it than to send them the Gospel? Have they not the need of the Gospel? Can they be reached by any other means, if we withhold that Gospel? Is there any better way to combat the ultra sentiment of the South than by the Bible?

How shall the Church and State, that has had this war in all her borders, be harmonized? The Southern people have done and are doing a great deal for the slave. They have done twice as much as all the Missionary Societies in the world. In some places they have neighborhood churches, and ministers to look after the slave alone. In many places public sentiment requires the master to look after the spiritual interests of the servant. The North wants a knowledge of what the South is doing. Though there is a great deal of good doing for the slave, there are objections to slavery in view of political economy, and the slave has stronger claims upon the master for his spiritual wants. We need a way of communication between the North and the South. We want a platform so that each can come near and commune together. This little Society is not the only link to bind together the sundering North and South, but it is right in its kind.

Then let this whole northern country come up to the aid of this Society. Let them give us a demonstration of their influence. It is entitled to it, and needs a demonstration in its behalf. He then depicted the slow growth and gradual increase of the Society.

At noon we were all brought together in a blessed oneness, and in this time of this Union shall the North hold back from aiding the South? ought she not to see that the South is supplied with the Gospel? Philadelphia is nearest the South; should not this birth-place of independence aid us in drawing closer the ties between the North and the South? Give us this demonstration in our favor. I love the North and the South, and I love my Maker. Let us do something to testify to our feelings in this respect.

ENGLISH APOLOGIES FOR AMERICAN SLAVERY.

From The [London] Spectator.

THERE will be no disposition in this country any more than in the North of the Union to extenuate the outrage committed in the proceedings of the adventurer Corrie. But if we review the whole subject calmly—if we thrust it from us, as it were, in order that we may regard it from a more abstract point of view and the more dispassionately—we shall readily perceive that, while the sense of justice, of law, and of genuine liberty, asserts its existence in the South, it is not that portion of the Union upon which the blame exclusively rests. On the contrary, we are much inclined to doubt whether in some respects the balance of wrong-doing does not lie with the North. That the institution of slavery is at once a discredit and a nuisance to Republican States cannot for a moment be questioned. We can, indeed, never forget that it was forced upon the American colonies by the British Government; and that when Washington and his compatriots founded the Republic they had to confront an existing interest, and to arrange the institutions of the country without forcing the Southern States into an alliance with the Royalist party. In the long interval, statesmen have endeavored to defer and evade the question; but, as the Washington *Union* says, it has now assumed too practical a shape to be deferred much longer. Something must be done to provide for a better vindication of the Republican law. It is an important fact that Mr. Buchanan is the first President in Washington who has broken through the old periphrastic and allusive mode of speaking about "a domestic institution," and has discussed it under the direct head of *slavery*. But if the Northern States, which have recently secured in the Senate a majority that must henceforward increase in a progressive ratio, desire to obtain a more regular enforcement of the Federal laws, or to facilitate a free discussion of "the institution" and its ulterior treatment, they have one obvious and unmistakable duty to perform; and it is the neglect of that duty which constitutes—we do not hesitate to say it with as much sincerity as with respect for the Union—a very grave offence against the interests of the Republic. If the Northern States desired to raise a discussion upon such a subject, their foremost and paramount duty was not to open the discussion without giving pledges that *the feelings, the lives, and the property* of the Southern States should be respected.

In this country it has been our lot to go through a discussion of the same question. Great Britain possesses powers sufficient to overwhelm the West Indies; and yet the Slavery Abolitionists in this country were not permitted to discuss the question in Parliament without evincing their deference for the feelings of the owners in the West Indies, without undertaking to provide for the peace of the islands, nor without giving compensation for the property which they took away. At that time *The Spectator* took an active part in strenuously resisting the rash claims of a numerous and not uninfluential party in this country, succeeded in procuring some extension of time for the operation, and aided in obtaining the compensation. There was indeed a compromise, and the fearful ruin which has fallen upon many owners in the West Indies, followed by very doubtful benefit to the black population, has only too far justified our warnings. All who have the same question to discuss ought to be the wiser for our experience; and the same duties which we then imperfectly acknowledged fall with even greater weight upon those who agitate the question in the Federal Republic, with powers proportionately less adequate to the task, and with responsibilities far more heavy. We are content with reviewing the facts, and with pointing attention to that one duty of the North, which is preliminary to any effective claims upon the South.

THE BILL TO EXCLUDE SOUTHERN PEOPLE FROM THIS STATE.

From The Detroit Free Press.

THE pretence upon which the Black Republican legislators at Lansing have brought forward and passed through the House a bill making it a felony, punishable by ten years' imprisonment in the State prison, in any person who shall claim the right of property in, or exercise the right of property over, any negro in this State is that the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dred Scott case, decided that persons possessing property in slaves in one State may rightly pass through or temporarily sojourn with such property in any other State. This is the pretence. Now, the simple fact is that the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, made no such decision. That question was not before the Court at all. What the Court did decide was, that if a slave accompany his master into a free State and subsequently voluntarily return with him to a slave State, his status must be determined by the laws of the State to which he has returned. DRED SCOTT, it is remembered, had formerly resided with his master in the slave State of Missouri. He had removed with him to Illinois, a free State. He had voluntarily returned with him to Missouri, without having claimed his freedom under the laws of Illinois. Subsequently he sued for his freedom in the United States District Court for Missouri, on the ground that his sojourn with the consent of his master in Illinois had made him free. The Supreme Court, in reviewing the case, decided that, not having claimed his freedom while in Illinois, but that having voluntarily returned to Missouri, his status must be determined by the laws of Missouri. Such was the decision and the whole of it.

It is, then, a false pretence upon which the Black Republican legislators at Lansing have brought forward their bill.

The bill is one of those acts of hostility and aggression expressly designed by the Abolitionists to exasperate the people of the South, and alienate them from the North, and provoke them to acts of retaliation. It has no other design. The craziest fanatic in the State will not seriously tell us that a law of this sort, or of any sort, is necessary to keep slavery out of Michigan. It is two years since the Dred Scott decision was made; has anybody heard of any attempt to introduce slavery into this State or any other State under that decision? Has anybody in any slave State pretended that slavery could be introduced into any free State under that decision? If the Dred Scott decision was such as they pretend, why have the Black Republicans waited until now to nullify it by such legislation as that proposed? The rebel State of Vermont is the only other State that has proposed such legislation. Our Black Republican legislators at Lansing are imitating Vermont. No other State has imitated her—not even Massachusetts, the fanaticism of whose dominant party is about as pestilent as it can be; not even Massachusetts has perpetrated the infamous folly of which the House of Representatives at Lansing was guilty the other day.

If the bill shall pass the Senate and become a law, it will make Michigan, with Vermont, a byword and reproach among the people of the whole remainder of the Union. And it will affect our material prosperity most seriously. It will cut off from our railroads a vast passenger and merchandise transportation, and give it to routes south of us. Every Southern man, with that law among our statutes, will avoid Michigan as he would a pestilence. He will seek those avenues of communication where the rights of hospitality are respected—where he is permitted to carry with him those attendants whom custom or education or habit have rendered necessary to him. The railroad routes through Indiana and Ohio and Pennsylvania will obtain, as the result of this legislation, those advantages which are driven off from our own routes. But what cares abolitionism for this? What to it are the material interests of the State? Is not its mission to pull down rather than to build up? Is it not devoted to a fierce and sanguinary warfare against the South, and is it not the policy of this warfare to override natural and constitutional rights?

The manner of the passage of the bill through the House was in perfect keeping with the character of the bill itself. All discussion was suppressed—the barriers of parliamentary law and the rules of order were brushed aside—and the question was taken amid a scene of the wildest tumult. We doubt whether so disgraceful a spectacle has ever been witnessed in a legislative body. It seems that the Speaker, reckless and unscrupulous as he is known to be, declined to act as the organ of the majority in the prearranged proceeding, and that three or four of the majority wholly bolted and voted against almost anything but they could not go with it in this. They have, of course, made themselves the subjects of the denunciation of the vilest fanaticism.

We shall soon be advised of the action of the Senate upon the bill. While we know that every such act hastens the overthrow of Black Republicanism, we would yet wish that the State might be saved the shame and disgrace which it inflicts.

LEGISLATURE OF OHIO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON FEDERAL RELATIONS,

On Sundry Petitions of Citizens of the Counties of Ashland and Columbiana, Ohio.

THE standing Committee on Federal Relations, to whom were referred the petitions of various residents of Ashland and Columbiana Counties, asking the Legislature "to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes 'service or labor' to such claimant by the laws of any one of the slave States of this Union," would respectfully report:

That upon a reference to the Constitution of the United States, they find, in the last paragraph of section 2d, in article IV. of that ever-to-be revered instrument of compact an express and unmistakable provision, directing that persons held to service and labor in one State, under the laws thereof, and escaping into another, "*shall* be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." They find, secondly, that it has been regarded by the most eminent statesmen and ablest jurists of our land as the bounden duty of the Congress of the United States to enact all laws which may be necessary to carry into effect each and every provision of the Constitution; and that, in the opinion of many, this duty extends also to the Legislatures of the different States, so far as is necessary within their respective sovereignties. They find, further, that Congress has passed what is called the Fugitive Slave law to give efficacy to the above constitutional provision, and that the Supreme Court of the United States have, without a dissenting voice, decided that law to be constitutional and proper.

Art. VI. of the Constitution further declares that all laws made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law, the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. This, taken in connection with the opinion of our master jurists, Chancellors Kent and Story, that the decisions of the Supreme Court upon the constitutional question must stand as a part of that instrument itself until they are reversed, leads your committee to the conclusion that the "rendition of fugitives from labor" is as solemn and certain an obligation as any imposed upon the States by the sacred compact of their Union.

Therefore, as the Senators and Representatives in this Legislature assembled, have each and all taken a solemn oath to support the Constitution of the United States, *such an enactment* as some of the residents of Ashland and Columbiana Counties demand can never be made without a palpable violation of that obligation.

Your committee, then, must deplore the offering of such petitions as indications of an unhealthy and rebellious public sentiment, and recommend, in future, that all such petitions be laid upon the table, without comment. They would, however, as a response to the present memorials, respectfully recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That while the right of petition, upon all subjects not inconsistent with propriety and public morals, is sacred and inalienable, yet we, as the representatives of the loyal sentiment of the people of Ohio, declare ourselves forever opposed to every description of sectional and unconstitutional legislation, and respectfully deprecate in future all memorials praying for such enactments. (1.)

HUNTER BROOKE, J. W. MCFERRAN,
J. W. PAINE, HENRY MORSE,
J. MILTON WILLIAMS.

(1) This cunningly worded resolution (which is designed to legalize and permit slave hunting on the soil of Ohio, though the term is not used, and also to browbeat those who petition for a law against it) was adopted by the House of Representatives by the following vote: Yeas 60, nays 17 !!!

Selections.

DISCREDITABLE POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES.

From The London Morning Post, Jan. 18.

FROM the commencement of the present century England has been engaged in the most noble and Christian work of endeavoring to extirpate the slave trade. Men believed that the exertions of Clarkson, Wilberforce and Brougham had produced their intended fruits, and that in the latter part of the century the coast of Africa would certainly be as secure from the invasions of dealers in human life as the shores of those countries which produce raw materials less tempting to cupidity and crime than the hapless African race. In this great and humane cause England has proved her sincerity, not only by abolishing the slave trade, and by negotiating with other powers for the accomplishment of the same object, but by conferring freedom upon every slave within her dominions—an act of public justice which cannot be paralleled in the history of nations. The Brazilian and Portuguese slave markets have now been closed, and, with the exception of those which Spain permits to remain open in Cuba, all the civilized powers of the world, in theory at least, appear to be as much opposed to this detestable and iniquitous traffic as the government and people of this country. We admit that nothing can be more difficult than to add a new enactment to any branch of public law. Every alteration of this kind must depend upon common consent, and it must be recognized and enforced by that international comity which forms the basis of all public law. If, in the spirit of the declaration annexed to the Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, the Powers of Europe had in terms proclaimed that the slave trade should for the future be considered piracy, the United States, from very shame, would have been compelled to join in the confederacy of Europe against injustice and oppression; and resistance to the right of visitation on their part would never have been asserted or attempted. But how does it come to pass that, at the present time, the slave trade is flourishing, and that one of the most important commercial nations in the world permits its flag to cover cargoes which, equally in peace and war, should be considered contraband in the eyes of every Christian man? It has been decided that the slave trade, independently of municipal law, is not piracy; and whilst the United States will not even tolerate the exercise of the right of visitation, solely with a view to the repression of this traffic, it is too much to expect that they will ever act loyally with England on the African coast or elsewhere, or declare that to be a high crime which, in the opinion of the Southern States, is not only lawful, but a meritorious branch of commerce. The most degraded feature which any country in modern times has exhibited is the isolated position which the United States have been pleased to occupy in reference to the slave trade. The municipal law of the United States, by the Act of May, 1800, chapter 51, prohibits not merely the actual transportation of slaves, but the mere employment of the vessel for the business and for the purpose of transporting slaves. Recently an individual—a United States citizen—has succeeded in running a cargo of African negroes from the River Congo, and in landing them in Georgia, where slavery is appreciated as an invaluable domestic institution. This living cargo has been readily bought by the planters, and the adventure, in a monetary sense, having turned out a great success, the Wanderer may now be considered the forerunner of a direct and lucrative slave trade between the coast of Africa and the Southern States. But here intervenes one of those questions which exhibit in the most marked manner the miserable and utter impotency of the Federal Government. The Wanderer not only escaped, unscathed, a British cruiser on the African coast—for the right of visitation no longer exists—but it landed its cargo in Georgia, where every slave sold and bought is as much the property of the owner as any other personal chattel. Can the Federal Government reclaim the newly-imported slaves and thus override the municipal law of the State? We are inclined to give an answer in the negative, because the former has manifestly no power to enforce its authority, and the whole South in such a case would incur the risk and dangers of an insurrection—perhaps a separation—before it would yield one single outwork of that system of slavery which, for its own interests, it considers to be an absolute and indispensable necessity. The vessel may be condemned in the prize court, but the slaves having been sold and bought in open market, the Federal Government will gain nothing by attempting to recover them from the owners. The United States Government is bound, under the provisions of the Ashburton treaty, to maintain on the African coast a naval force of seventy guns. How is this obligation fulfilled? By the presence of a fifty-gun frigate, the Cumberland, which cannot go into the rivers or the shoal waters, and which is just as effective against the slave-trade as if she were lying at Brooklyn. Out of this complication it is difficult, we confess, to see any satisfactory way. The United States will neither declare the slave trade to be piracy nor permit the right of visitation or search. They, however, favor the traffic, and impede the efforts of England. With the slave trade flourishing abroad and reviving at home, the spectacle which the great American Republic presents is utterly discreditable to a country which calls itself civilized and Christian.

MR. SPURGEON'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

From The London Freeman.

MR. SPURGEON, then, is to visit America in April. We are rejoiced to hear it. That he will be sent home with a remittance sufficient to enable him to complete his New Tabernacle we can hardly doubt. Should it be otherwise, he will have no difficulty in raising the requisite amount at home; but the "furor" with which Americans receive any European possessed of powers to interest the general public makes it pretty certain that he will not fail in his secondary object. We say *secondary*, because we know that a plan was propo ed to him by which he could easily have collected enough by four sermons to finish his own Tabernacle, and to erect another, too, in New York, for the brother who brought him the invitation. This plan, to the credit of his heart, as we think, but hardly to the credit of his judgment, he declined for one which makes it less certain that he will collect the desired sum, but which demands less of those who will be his first hearers on his arriving there. Mr. Spurgeon feels that he must preach the gospel in his mode of preaching it, in America as well as in England, but that he must do it under circumstances which will not, to *himself*, appear mercenary, or hinder the poor from hearing him. Such a feeling, of course, all must respect. To us, however, the original plan does not seem at all necessarily to interfere with it. We apprehend that at New York, as in the parallel case of Mr. Binney at Melbourne in Australia, tickets of admission will be sold by original purchasers for ten or twenty times what they gave for them, and the avaricious, not the poor, will be the gainers.

We can hardly doubt that Mr. Spurgeon's peculiar style of preaching will please all classes in America, if possible, even more than in England; and we have also hope that he will contribute to sustain and reinforce the remarkable revival there, to which some Americans themselves have said that his sermons, so widely circulated there, have contributed not a little. Should this be the case, we can but rejoice with those who rejoice. But we have some considerable hope that Providence has designed Mr. Spurgeon for a work of far more lasting blessing to America than that of aiding a most interesting, but still temporary, revival. Hardly can it be doubted that the present revival, like all which have preceded it, will give place to a period of corresponding quietness, not to say of inactivity; but there is a revival needed in America, on one point, which, if it can but begin in good earnest among the Churches of Christ, will do more for the *permanent* advance of the work of Christ in America than many revivals like that which has not yet subsided. We refer to a *revival of Christian feeling towards the slave and the colored man.* One of Mr. Spurgeon's friends, who knows him best, remarked to us while speaking of his visit—"And won't he give it them on their slavery!" At the time our first feeling was, "Dare he do it?" Second thoughts disposed us to think that he both dare and would—that *he* may be raised up for the work, and that the way is wonderfully prepared for him.

Mrs. Stowe's inimitable novel has done for him all that could be effected by a vivid and touching picture of negro bondage as it is. It has made slaveholders ridiculous, while it has displayed their brutality also, and awakened the consciences of thousands. The legislative and administrative wickedness of Pierce and Buchanan, clenched by the villanies and atrocities in Kansas, have shocked the political morality of all decent citizens of the States; the open and avowed determination of the slave States to be masters in the Senate, and in the Supreme Court, and in the House of Assembly too if they can, have all combined to modify materially the sentiments of the Northern States. Mr. George Thompson would not now be compelled to flee for his life; and the Abolitionists, though, like our own Abolitionists at one time, and our earlier corn-law repealers, not yet surrounded by either the wealthy few or the unenlightened many, are felt to be in the right. The interested alone regard them with bitterness; but they can now speak and be heard, and with Christian truth on their lips they cannot be heard in vain. We believe, too, that the *really* Christian ministry is beginning to feel ashamed of justifying and excusing slavery—ashamed to leave to a Channing and a Theodore Parker the preaching of deliverance to the captives.

In this state of things who can tell but that Mr. Spurgeon is destined to be the Knibb of America? He possesses many of the moral and physical qualities of that noble man; those especially which were his chief weapons in his holy war against slavery—the courage to say straight out what he thinks, what the impulse of the moment demands, and the eloquence to arouse the enthusiasm of the many, while the few also are compelled to feel its homely power—the power of truth. When he arrives on the slave-darkened soil of New York (for a black man is property there as much as in New Orleans), we can but believe that, like Paul at Athens and on Mars' Hill, "his spirit will be stirred within him." Many a gentle hint will our brother receive when he lands at New York. Should he remonstrate in private, all kinds of suggestions not to obstruct his usefulness by adverting to the dangerous subject will be given; but we have little doubt that faith and prayer will have embraced his spirit for the solemn conflict. He will remember how a formal deputation from Baptists in this country once bitterly disappointed the hopes of Baptists here, and, through listening (with the best intentions we doubt not) to the advice of many Christians in America, declined the martyr honor of telling American Baptist Christians what English Baptist Christians thought of slavery. We believe that our brother will not follow an example mourned by us to this day, and which indirectly contributed, as we believe, to riveting the letters of the slave. We have heard him, when well aware that noble and titled State Churchmen were before him, not hesitate, in the plainest language and with holy indignation, to brand, as it deserves, that State Church, with bondage to which American slaveholders reproach us. His position enables him to rebuke here all which he deems to be contrary to the gospel. And he will do it there. He will see, although he should visit but the so-called Free States, the shadow of slavery projected on them. He may perhaps hear the bitter cry of some "property," animated by a life, soul and spirit like his own, while a marshal of the Great Republic is dragging the *thing* away to be sent back to the lashes of a Southern proprietor, because the property thought it had a right to be free. He will see the man of color thrust back from the white man's omnibus, driven from the white man's room in the steamboat, imprisoned in one negro pew, should he be able to pay the price of admission; and he will know that only at the peril of his life he could take, in the Broadway, the arm of his sable colored fellow-believer in Jesus! We have mistaken our brother if *his* spirit will bear all this in silence. If such be the working of slavery in the free States, what must it be where slavery is everything? If a State like New York can tolerate such laws and usages, what must it be where slaveholders are the law-makers? We can well conceive how Mr. Spurgeon's imagination will kindle to its highest fervor, and how, like Knibb, he will often surpass himself, while he hears behind him his Master's voice—

"Cry aloud, spare not,
Lift up thy voice like a trumpet,
And show my people their transgressions
And the house of Jacob their sins."

Already our brethren across the Atlantic have read by tens, by hundreds of thousands, the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon to Englishmen, and they have seen that he does not spare the sins of his own country; they will find that he does not spare *the sin* of America—the *one* sin which has corrupted the gospel of her ministers from south to north, from east to west, and has made the Church of Christ the hitherto impermeable shield of the most relentless wickedness known to modern Christendom. The Churches of other countries, as well as those of America, are tarnished by the atmosphere of folly, fashion, love of money, ambition, and other evils amidst which they live; but it is in the latter country only that they are, not only many of them guilty of slaveholding, but that the others "have pleasure in those who do it." Whatever opinion friends or foes may have of Mr. Spurgeon, Christians must believe, with Mr. Binney, that he has been raised up by a special Providence to give another tone to preaching and preachers in this country. May it appear that a merciful Providence has also raised him up, at the cry of the slave, to arouse the Christian conscience of America, and make her Churches determined to cast out the unclean thing from *their* midst? From *that* day the doom of slavery would be sealed. Cunning candidates for the Presidency would plot in vain. The voice of the Evangelical Church in America, if it spoke with the spirit of its Master, would banish the infernal demon of slavery to everlasting perdition. Is it a vision to hope that Mr. Spurgeon may live to receive, through a transatlantic telegraph wire, the message—"AMERICA IS FREE!"

KIDNAPPING IN KANSAS.

[We copy the following statement from the Weston, Missouri, *Argus* of Jan. 26th.]

THE most gallant achievement and effective vindication of our rights ever since the war upon slave property has been inaugurated, it is our pleasing duty to chronicle, which we do through an Extra, in order that the country may have all the facts just as they are, before the howling misrepresentations of the Abolitionists may poison the Northern atmosphere.

Several valuable negroes having been stolen a few days ago from this county, a party followed them—found where they had crossed the Missouri into Kansas, in charge of three white *conductors*—pursued them to Lawrence, and thence on the great Lane trail towards Iowa. But immediately after leaving Lawrence, they perceived that the fleeing party, consisting of three white men and thirteen negroes, could be overhauled at Oskaloosa, almost in sight of Lawrence. About ten o'clock in the morning the assault was made upon the two wagons. The negroes were well armed, and would have made a deadly resistance had not the white men surrendered after the first fire. No one was killed, and the whole party were captured and brought into this city about two o'clock this morning.

The negroes, 13 in number, have all been identified.

The names of the scoundrels who were conducting these negroes off are John and Charles Doy, and Clough. They had an examination to-day,

forcibly taken into Missouri, where we are at present, confined in an eight feet square iron box, having to burn our fat meat to make light by night or day.

The inhabitants of Lawrence had a meeting to take into consideration the removal of the negroes about the suburbs of the city. The next question was, who should take charge of such removal. After considerable pressing, I accepted the task (provided a team would be hired in connection with mine), as I had business at Holton, county seat of Calhoun County, in Kansas. We took the provisions and colored persons into the wagon after they had shown Charles (my son) their free papers. All had them but two. *They* had been cooks at the Eldridge Hotel, and were free-born, one coming from Cincinnati, Ohio; the other from Brownsville, Pa. After we had travelled say twelve miles on our way—*of course many miles from the State of Missouri*—we were all at once surprised by from ten to fifteen men, fully armed and mounted, rushing from a low ravine upon us.

Surrounding us, some of the colored men asked if they should fire. I told them to wait till I went on the off side, when some ten guns were pointed at me, and a number shouted "shoot." I held up my hand, and told them to shoot me, but not to fire into the wagons, as the emigrants were packed so close that it took some time for them to get out. The kidnapping party then offered to pay me well if I would drive to Leavenworth. I told them my team should never take a man into slavery. Upon this, Garvin, Postmaster of Lawrence; Ben. Wood, Mayor of Weston, Mo.; Fielding H. Lewis, Marshal of Weston, and others, jumped down, put their pistols to my head, while they bound me with ropes. They also bound my son and all the men and women.

I then mentioned the Lawrence men by name, telling them, in a loud voice, that I protested against the whole act of kidnapping and highway robbery, in the name of Kansas, whose laws were being trampled under foot.

The following are the names of the principal actors in this unparalleled outrage: Benjamin Wood, Mayor of Weston, Mo.; F. A. Lewis, Marshal of same place, and Constable of Platte County; Martin Reilly, Geo. Robbins, Hugh Murdock, Patrol, all of Weston, Mo; a man called Duncan, a Kentuckian; Doctor Garvin, Postmaster, Lawrence; Jake Mc[illegible], Mr. Whitley, Boston man, also of Lawrence; Thomas McGee, and the notorious fiend Jake Hurd, of Lecompton, Kansas. They took full possession of our horses, wagons, money, &c.; put on drivers, and drove like madmen across the prairies, keeping scouts a mile before, and behind the same.

We were about to feed when taken, but they drove till they broke down a wagon and nearly killed one horse. They threw out the provisions, carpet-sacks, robes, &c., packed all the prisoners in the other wagon, and drove on till within two miles of Leavenworth, which we reached in the dark, having four horses hitched to the wagon, which was packed with fifteen people.

At this place they broke out the tongue. They then put all out and drove the prisoners among the brush until they went to Leavenworth and got another team. They came back, packed all in again, and in the dark went stealthily through the town, then by the Fort to the ferry, where the boat was waiting, steam up, all ready, Ben. Wood having gone ahead and prepared all.

Here every person was ordered on board on pain of being shot. I jumped down, declared I would not go on board, but guns were put to my head, and I was told my property would all be lost, if I was killed, but if I went on board, Ben. Wood, the Mayor, and many others gave me their word, as men of honor, I should return all safe and sound in the morning. We went, landed, and were thrown on the floor of the police office, where we laid all night. In the morning, we were taken through the streets, the people shouting, bells ringing, &c. I should have said, at night, on landing, salutes were fired, &c., and a grand supper was had by the captors, while every insult possible was heaped upon us. Candles were held to our faces to observe us. We were then taken to the Court-house, amidst a motley group, using such language as I never heard—"give them hemp"—"the rope is ready," &c., and were informed that they were ready to try us. We stated we wished for a day or so to get counsel, as we knew not a man in Missouri; but no, we must proceed. We might take a lawyer they mentioned, if we had money to pay him. They had our money, we told them, and we were in their hands, and they could do as they chose with us. After the mockery of a trial ended, I sat down and wrote a protest, as a citizen of Kansas, against the whole proceeding. We were committed for trial for stealing a negro named Dick, a carpenter, fiddler, &c. We were then handcuffed (our trial comes off Feb. 20—the bail $5,000), and taken to Platte City jail where we now are. The inhabitants guard the jail every night. I cannot learn where my horses are, or why they released Mr. Clough, the man taken with us, but the report is that Jake Hurd, Dr. Garvin, Mr. Whitcby and McGee declared they could buy any Abolitionist in Lawrence for $50, and that they had so bought Clough. They said Hancock of the Mansion House, Hamilton, who lives over Hunt's weigh-scales, Fry and some others, kept them posted every day of all movements.

We learn that a committee came over from Leavenworth to demand us, but they, with other friends who have come over, were sent back without seeing us. We have not seen a friend since we were taken. Oh! my country, how free thou art! How can we get ready for trial, knowing no one, and not allowed to see any one? We lay two nights in Weston in irons, before being brought here. Some of the colored men are here in prison that were in the wagons, as they would not choose masters nor admit they were slaves, being born free. February 3 I saw a terrible sight. Jake Hurd came into the prison, having a covered buggy at the door, ordered the free boys, George Wilson Hayes, late cook at Eldridge Hotel, Lawrence, and Charles Smith of Brownsville, Pa., to come out and get in. They said they would wait in prison till their free papers came. Jake took his whip and unmercifully whipped them till they consented to go with him—God only knows where. He said, "I am your master now, and by God I will make you obey me."

We have not seen a person that we know since our imprisonment—yet we are to prepare for trial on the 20th of this month. Can it be that we are deserted in this our extremity, or that the people of Kansas will see their fellow-citizens kidnapped and imprisoned and tortured by the residents of another State, without lifting a hand, or extending a word of sympathy? Neither my son nor myself have committed any crime or offence; we have violated no law; and yet we are now caged and fettered in a Missouri cell.

We are very filthy, having no water to wash with, and the stench is horrible. My eyes are weak—in fact, I am almost blind with the darkness of the iron box, or metallic coffin, in which we eat, sleep, and are shown to persons, who, with a candle, take a view of the "two live Abolitionists!" But as the cause of Freedom demands this, we say welcome to it all; and if Missouri desires to become a free State sooner than many expect, why, then, let them make us dance on nothing. All we ask is that the citizens of Kansas stand true to Freedom; and if our blood or our sacrifice will aid in advancing that cause, it shall be freely offered.

We would like to be treated like prisoners (not like brutes), and for ourselves only desire to have a fair trial. We despair of both, however, as long as we remain where we now are, and throw ourselves upon the kindness and protecting care of Almighty God.

DOCTOR DOY,
CHARLES DOY.

TROUBLE IN THE NURSERY.

CHILDREN of a tender age often give a great deal of trouble to those who have charge of them by asking for everything they see. Age has its passion for toys as well as the earlier childhood. The good lady at Washington, Mr. Buchanan's nurse, whom we call Congress, is as much pestered by the frequent demands of her playful charge as ever was a fond parent by the importunities of a young prattler at his fireside. The other day James asked Congress for the key of the treasury; he wanted to take out thirty millions of dollars to play with at negotiations with Spain—only thirty millions. While the kind creature was deliberating whether she should trust him with the money, or whether she would endeavor to pacify him by attempting to persuade him that he might lose the key and drop the coins into holes and chinks of the nursery floor, which is terribly out of repair, she is startled by a new demand.

James now calls for the army and navy. Besides the thirty millions of dollars, he wants battalions and fleets to play with. Only yesterday he sent the old lady a very pretty letter—so his friends call it—which we print elsewhere, announcing his wish to play at war with Mexico, Nicaragua and New Grenada, and asking for ships of war and regiments of soldiers. He is seized with the military spirit; his taste is now for swords and bayonets; he cries for big guns and cocked hats.

What should be done in such a case? The more Congress seems disposed to grant, the more is asked. If Congress had said at once, steadily and firmly, "No, James, the thirty millions are not for such as you; you would fool away the money if you had it," it is not likely that this still more extravagant demand would have been made. The old nurse will find herself obliged to assume a severer tone. She must say plainly to her charge that, even if she were disposed to part with her control of the army and navy, she could not trust them to his little hands, and he must not think of it. She might remind him of the pretty rhyme, which he no doubt remembers, that

> Children and fools
> Should never meddle with edge tools;

and assure him that if he had the army and navy to play with, he would most certainly cut his own precious self, and there would be no knowing where he might cut besides.

It is remarkable that Mr. Buchanan should find the legal and constitutional limits of his office too narrow for him, and should plague Congress with solicitations for the Dictatorship. Other Presidents before him have found their legitimate powers sufficient for the protection of the citizens of the United States. Who is this man that comes forward to demand powers which his predecessors, comprising some of the ablest men in the country, never thought necessary?

"He is a weak man," will be answered by some; and we have heard the remark made by friends of the Administration, "You may give him the power without scruple, he will be afraid to use it, such is his constitutional timidity and irresolution."

The reply to this is, that these powers which may be abused should be as carefully withheld from weak as from bad men. Weak men in public station are proverbially dangerous. The same feebleness of will and want of courage which keep them from acting in cases when they ought to act will often, by a natural reaction, or through yielding to the influence of those who surround them, make them in other cases rash and presumptuous. Weak men are the chosen tools of bad men. If Congress should give Mr. Buchanan the power for which he now asks, it will commit one of the grossest follies of which that body has been guilty since it had an existence.—*Eve. Post.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

THE HAYTIAN REVOLUTION.

So they have been having another Revolution in Hayti and setting up a President instead of an Emperor! It is a great comfort to the negro-hating press and public that there should be another proof of the incapacity of the black race to govern themselves. Only it is a pity that they have no blood and horror to give an added relish to the dish they are so ready to serve up and to swallow. If there has been a Revolution, it has, at any rate, been a peaceable one, and, for our own part, we do not see why any deductions to the disadvantage of the African blood should be drawn from this event. White men have revolutions, and why not black? When, in the course of human events, it seems best to any Caucasian branch of the human family to change its domestic economy or to make a new figure-head to its ship of state, it seems to all men a perfectly natural and reasonable proceeding—provided it be successful. Failure is infamous everywhere, and rebellions notoriously never prosper. If what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, we do not see why success should not qualify our feelings towards black revolutions as it does towards white ones. And yet it is notorious that it does not, and that there is a great difference, however strange it may have seemed to Dean Swift, between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

For more than fifty years the anarchy and tyranny which have alternately laid waste the Queen of the Antilles has swelled the burden of slaveholding song at the South and the pro-slavery chorus of the responsive North. The inference might seem to be that there was nothing but peace and quietness in all other portions of the globe, and that revolutions were unheard of everywhere else besides Hispaniola. But this is not precisely the fact. In all the old Spanish dominions there has been a good deal of revolution within the last forty years. We rather think that Mexico alone could furnish forth as ample a batch of revolutions as Hayti can for the last sixty-five, and at a much greater expense of human blood. As to the Central American and South American republics, there is not one of them that has not turned a dozen somersets to one of the black nation. Why do we not have their instabilities quoted forever in proof of the incapacity of white men to govern themselves? To be sure, we do hear of these things whenever it is necessary to extend our protectorate over our weaker neighbors by way of preparation for absorbing them and reforming the error they had the weakness to fall into of abolishing slavery in their dominions. But we never used to hear anything about them until our expansive liberties demanded an extension of the Area of Freedom.

And as to personal liberty and safety of property, we doubt whether in the cruelest days of Dessalines and Christophe there was ever anything approaching the despotism of Dr. Francia and Lopez, or the atrocities of Rosas and the tyrant of Peru, whose name we cannot at the moment recall. The blacks in Hayti are certainly not models of human conduct in their management of their affairs; but they are certainly as exemplary to the rest of mankind as most of the white races on the Western hemisphere that have had occasion to reorganize their governmental matters. And they have certainly shown more self-control and disposition to spare the subjected after they had beaten down the oppressor. We speak as to the history of the island since the reprisals, or rather the self-defending, of the struggle against Bonaparte when he tried to reduce them to slavery again after years of freedom and good self-government. That was an exceptional time, and the enormity of the crime which was attempted against them threw all the incidents of their resistance to its commission into the shade. Nothing but a baptism of blood and fire could save them from horrors accumulating on the head of horrors, of which the whole past of their history had been full, excepting the brief respite won by the sword and ruled by the genius of Toussaint. After the island began again to settle down upon the basis of peace and industry, its political affairs have been administered, by the successive hands into which they have fallen, with at least as much sagacity and humanity as any of the Commonwealths which have sprung into being out of the combustion of insurrection and revolution. And this is all we have a right to ask. It is an absurdity and an inhumanity to demand of the negro race a larger showing of wisdom, prudence and self-command than we are content to accept from the pale-faced families.

But the comparison need not be confined to this side the ocean-stream to tell well for the dark nations of Hayti. How many of the old continental nations of Europe have come out of the ordeal of as many years of time with as little smell of fire upon their garments? Is property and person safe in all portions of civilized and Christian Europe? Are there no tyrannies, no confiscations, no martial law, no judicial murders, no torturing punishments seen in the light of the Nineteenth Century? Is Bomba a fable and was Haynau a myth? There surely has been none of the half-dozen military chieftains who have seized on the direction of affairs in Hayti, who so organized perjury, duplicity, treachery and cruelty to gain his end as the bastard Bonaparte did to mount his blood-stained throne. It is no wonder that he looked on Faustin I. as a caricature of Napoleon III., and hated to hear of him, as his putative uncle did to hear Toussaint L'Ouverture called the Black Bonaparte. Nor yet that he should have silenced the epigrammatic editor who said, in the first flush of the new imperialism with the gloss yet on all the gold and velvet of the throne, "*Je n'aime pas ces Soulouqueries!*" "I have no fancy for these Soulouqueries!" For it was only a difference of color and degree that distinguished them, and that distinction really in the favor of the black face over the blacker heart.

We will venture to assert that the white Emperor has killed a hundred men for the advancement of his selfish ambition for every one that the black monarch has sacrificed to his promotion. And we have no doubt that a comparison of the statistics of the two countries would show that the prosperity and happiness of the two nations, as far as the governments had anything to do with it, was in favor of the subjects of the black rather than of the white despot. But this is not necessary to our argument. We only maintain, first, that a black nation has the same right to make a revolution in the institutions under which it lives as a white one. Secondly, that this particular black nation has had no more revolutions, or intestine divisions, or domestic broils than other white nations of about an equal degree of civilization, according to the general standard of that varying condition. Thirdly, that it has had no more revolutions, and no worse ones, than has marked the history of France, the country whose language it speaks and whose civilization it inherits. Fourthly, that the black tyrants have been no worse in their day and generation than the white ones, and that the last one, black as he was, looked white alongside of his imperial brother of France, whose downfall is yet to come. And, fifthly and to conclude, that this last revolution was a model one as to the quietness, peaceableness and humanity that characterized it, contrasting most favorably with the *coup d'état* by which Bonaparte waded through slaughter to his throne. And we can by no means expect, we can hardly say that we hope, that the French usurper will be let off as easily as Geffrard dismissed Soulouque into insignificance and safety. The very possibility of this clemency is a proof that the public life of Fanatin could not have been stained by the crimes against liberty and humanity which seem to have put back the shadow on the dial of European civilization, and to make the assassination of tyrants again look like the virtue it was esteemed in the Grecian Commonwealths.

Our well-known patriotism has forbidden us to draw our own beloved country into the comparison, and to inquire whether all the anarchy which has ever brooded over Hayti, at any time for sixty years, ever equalled that which has made all laws a dead letter which come between the absolute will of the master over his slave, and which makes Judge Lynch the tribunal of the last appeal in all cases where slavery is a party. We will not inquire whether all the cruelties that have ever been attributed to the self-emancipated Haytians—or rather the Haytians who vindicated their right to the emancipation which the French Revolution procured for them—equal in amount the tortures and murders of a single year which are an integral part of society in one half this Model Republic. Nor yet whether the life and property of the Haytian subject was not better protected in all parts of the domain of the Emperor than that of the malignant citizen in this country who dares to utter aloud, with an impartial application, in one half of it, the cardinal truth of the Declaration of Independence. We fear we might be compelled to the conclusion that the government of the United States differs only from that of Hayti in its greater power of mischief and not of good. We might find that the spirit of the government is as despotic and its practice as arbitrary, in its national action, as Hayti ever was, and is only saved from as many practical barbarities by the defences which the State in its sovereign powers in the Central tyranny. In the Centralism which it is the ambition of our bastard democracy to force upon the country, marshalled by the Slave Power and covered by the Judiciary, there will be no more safety for opinion, expression, or action in New York or Boston than in Port-au-Prince or Cape Haytien. We wish Gen. Geffrard well and hope he will make a better magistrate than Soulouque, and take his lessons in Republicanism from the Creed rather than the Conduct of the Model we set up for him. In which case, he will certainly show that the black race is not only able to govern itself, but to do it better than we bragging white men.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

AT almost the same moment of acknowledging our indebtedness to the free and independent press of England for the worthy manner in which it has treated the subject of American slavery during the past year, it is painful to be obliged to chronicle the delinquency of any portion of it; but the fact must be recorded, to the disgrace of *The Spectator*—a weekly periodical of what we here call long standing—always of good standing in respect to ability while the deceased Mr. RINTOUL was its conductor, but blameably backward on the great distinguishing English question of freedom—the very question that marks the superiority of the English as a people to every other. With the death of Mr. RINTOUL, which occurred last year, an immense improvement in the moral tone of *The Spectator* was evident. While it had lost nothing of its old ability, it had gained a breadth of conception and a depth of perception, and a masterly freedom of handling, with a rare comprehension of foreign politics and a consequent clearness of vision as to England's contemporaneous policy, which we noticed to our readers with pleasure at the time.

But another change has come over *The Spectator*, as sudden as if the good god-mother of Perrault, while endowing the clever child she desired to favor with every good gift, had suddenly discovered that the stupid and unworthy elder one had been imposed upon her for the true Cinderella, and had turned the coachman into a rat, and the horses into mice again, with a single stroke of her wand.

The old pro-slavery politics of *The Spectator*, under Mr. RINTOUL, thirty years ago, were bad enough. The reader may imagine what complexion they wear to-day, dug up after so long burial—in the hands of a dead leader, too, it may be truly said—if what report says be correct, that to a journal not even strong enough to follow has been added the weakness of a leader that could not lead.

But we need leave nothing to the imagination of the reader; having a special little Hinnom, into which we cast all such offal as *The Spectator's* adjurations to the American people, preparing to deny the right of property in man, to begin their work by guaranteeing it over again, at this time of day, because Washington was weak enough, and Franklin foolish enough, and the thirteen States selfish enough to do so seventy years ago! Such a suggestion, at the moment when the people of every Northern State are awake to the enormity, and issuing directions of annually increasing strength to their legislators to treat any practical recognition of a right of property in man on our own soil exactly as if it had been perpetrated on the coast of Africa, shows the political judgment of that paper to have reached decrepitude.

The Spectator, forgetting everything else in its attendance upon the ghost of the West India interest, insults the whole American people, slaveholders and non-slaveholders alike, by excusing the great national crime of slavery in 1859, because "Great Britain *forced* it upon them" a hundred years ago. The Northern blood, *which never will submit to have slavery forced upon it*, feels the existence within it of at least one quality kindred to that of the South, which cherishes slavery just as ours tramples on it, because it loves and wills to do so—with not a thought or care for what Britain did at the outset by way of an inoculation, proved to be worn out by our simultaneous rejection of monarchy and choice of slavery—a choice about to be revoked.

Referring the reader to the Pro-Slavery department on the first page, we leave *The Spectator* with Solomon's proverbial dog and sow, to its disgusting fate.

THE FRENCH IMMIGRATION SCHEME.

THE Queen of Great Britain, in her speech at the opening of Parliament, on the 31 inst., made this gratifying statement:

"I have great satisfaction in announcing to you *that the Emperor of the French has abolished a system of negro emigration from the east coast of Africa, against which, as unavoidably tending, however guarded, to the encouragement of the slave trade my government has never ceased to address to his Imperial Majesty its most earnest but friendly representations.* This wise act on the part of his Imperial Majesty induces me to hope that the negotiations now in progress at Paris may tend to the total abandonment of the system, and to the substitution of a duly regulated supply of substantially free labor."

The Earl of Derby, the present Prime Minister, in the debate preceding the adoption of the usual address in reply to the Queen's speech, said:

"I will say that we never for a moment varied our opinion, or in the expression of that opinion week after week to the French government, that it was impossible to separate the so-called free emigration sanctioned by them from the commission of acts of the slave trade in the interior of Africa, even if no irregularities were committed by their own officers. While we have never ceased to press that view as strongly as had been done by my noble friend opposite, who lately filled the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, I believe no recommendation, no circumstance could have brought the matter so home to the convictions of the French government as the facts elicited by the inquiry into this very case of the Charles et Georges; and it is creditable to the French government that as soon as their own experience satisfied them of the immense difficulty, if not impossibility, of preventing one system from degenerating into the other, they immediately gave order to put a stop to the exportation of negroes from the east coast of Africa, where the greatest difficulties prevailed, and now arrangements are pending, with a prospect of speedy termination, by which the French government *intends to put a complete stop to negro emigration from the coast of Africa, and, moreover, to give us cordially and readily a more active cooperation for the suppression of the slave trade* (hear, hear)."

What an illustration is here furnished of the power of a righteous public opinion even over governments of the most despotic character! May we not hope that the day is near when the government of the United States, by the concentrated moral influence of the civilized world, will be constrained to abandon its position as the ally and propagandist of slavery? Encouraged by the action of the French government, let Abolitionists on both sides of the Atlantic, striking hands in fraternal cooperation, work with renewed and constantly increasing diligence for the advancement of their glorious cause.

BRITISH OPINION.—The London *Morning Post*, from which the reader will find an article on the first page, is the Aristocratic or Tory organ, and friendly to Louis Napoleon. Opposed to Bright and the Liberal interest, it is not slow to see his and Cobden's mistake in their pro-slavery proclivities, and becomes itself anti-slavery in consequence. Meanwhile the Duke de Broglie is in France, acting against Louis Napoleon's slave trade, he being a Democrat in the disguise of a Duke, and of an old anti-slavery family.

NO MORE SLAVE-HUNTING IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

HUDSON, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I was disappointed at the non-introduction in the Assembly, last week, of the bill for the protection of Fugitive Slaves. I learn, through the Chairman of the Select Committee having it in charge, that the delay is in consequence of the inability of some members of the Committee, from the immediate pressure of other legislative business, to give the needed consideration to the several sections of the bill.

I am informed that the Vermont statute, substantially, with some amendments, providing additional penalties for aiding slave-catchers, will be reported at an early day. I infer that such a measure will, without much doubt, be enacted by the Assembly. The result will be very doubtful in the Senate—rendered more so by the vacancy occasioned by the late and much to be lamented death of Senator Stow, of Orleans. I well remember the pleasure I had in listening to a very able and eloquent speech upon the infamous Dred Scott decision, delivered in the Senate, last winter, by Senator Stow. He stood in the very front rank of liberal Republicans, and was justly and widely esteemed for his integrity, eloquence and ability.

You will be pleased to know that the Assembly Chamber, at Albany, has been voted for the use of Dr. CHEEVER, on Friday evening, the 25th. I trust that nothing may transpire to prevent his appearance there, at a time so appropriate and so auspicious.

WENDELL PHILLIPS's speech delivered last week before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on behalf of the petitioners for the prohibition of slave-hunting, is an exceedingly able and forcible argument in support of the Petition. It would be, if put in tract form, excellent for general circulation at the present time. (1) I hope it may be thus published and get a wide distribution.

A. M. P.

(1) We have not yet seen this speech, but presume it will appear in *The Liberator* of this week.—*Ed. Standard.*

SEND IN THE PETITIONS—APPEAL FROM SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

To the Readers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD *in the State of New York.*

Have you signed your names to the Petition to our State Legislature for a law to prevent the capture and return of fugitive slaves? Have you solicited the names of all your neighbors and sent them up to Albany? If you have not already done so, I pray you lose no time, but copy the petition below—which is now in the hands of a Select Committee, who will this week report a Personal Liberty bill, virtually like that of Vermont—and go about the work in earnest. Plead with every man and woman to give you their names and their influence, as you would do were the outraged, fleeing fugitive one of your own household. Especially do I appeal to WOMEN to circulate the petition, remembering that one-half the slaves are women, helpless, defenceless creatures, with no law, no religion, no public sentiment to shield them from the sensual Legrees who hunt them.

Mothers! I appeal to you to devote the *present* hour, day and week to this work. Nerve yourselves up to go from house to house, from office to office, and roll up long lists of signatures, as you would do were it your own loved daughters you would rescue from the auction-block. Daughters! work as if it were your precious mothers you would save from the terrible sundering of every bond of affection. How can women remain quietly in their pleasant homes, or carelessly go about, doing their accustomed visiting, while such a momentous question is pending in our State Legislature? What if you *should* meet the chilling, hard-hearted look of indifference and contempt; what if you *should* be told that you had better go home and mind your own family; the consciousness that you are but doing the simplest act of kindness that you would have others do for you, were you the sufferer; the knowledge that your own best nature, the good angels and God approve your work, will cause all opposition and hatred of the slave to fall powerless before you. If you are disheartened, and feel that the cause of freedom is retrograding, then all the more urgent is my appeal to you to take the petition in hand, and go forth among the people. The many hearty "God-speeds" will cheer and encourage you; the many recognitions of the slave's right to freedom, on our own soil, at least will bring hope to your spirit, and strengthen your faith in the sure triumph of the right. If you *profess* love for the slave, make it manifest *now* by your *actions*. Send up to Albany your own name, and as many others as you can obtain, and thus contribute your mite toward making the Legislature feel that *the people* demand that New York shall be free, in fact as in name.

Members of the Legislature friendly to the enactment of a law of freedom to every human being, the moment he sets foot on New York soil, express no doubt of the passage of the bill in the House, and even have strong hope that it may pass the Senate.

Send in your petitions without delay. Direct to the Chairman of the Committee, HON. SHOTWELL POWELL, Albany, N. Y.

Copies of the Petition may be had by addressing LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y. Remember to enclose stamps to pay return postage.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Albany, Feb. 223, 1859.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

WE have heard much of late about the progress of anti-slavery sentiment in Missouri, but we observe that a bill repealing the statute prohibiting the importation of slaves into that State was adopted in the House of Representatives on the 31st ult., 83 to 15. The St. Louis *Democrat*, the organ of the so-called emancipation party of Missouri, says:

"This is simply a bill to encourage the introduction of negro labor into this State. It makes no pretence of inviting the slaveholder; it only wants the slaves. It was justified by its mover, Mr. Abney, on the ground that labor was too high in Missouri, even negroes hiring at three hundred dollars a year, and that this was designed to *reduce the price of labor.* The question was well meditated, too, before it was passed upon, and the issue was made that this repeal would invite the worthless slaves of other States here to compete with the free white non-slaveholders, not less than with the slave labor of negroes now held in bondage here.

"This is the first move of the pro-slavery party of Missouri against the white laborer. It is a deliberate scheme to reduce his wages, to bring the trifling negroes of other States here to compete with him, to make his avocation the receptacle of the bad and criminal off-scourings of slavery elsewhere, and to blast the employment and lessen the earnings of all free citizens of Missouri who labor with their own hands for a living. We have long contended that slavery in its nature was aggressive, and now we find it pushing this conflict with free labor to the extreme limit of forbearance. We venture to predict that this alarm will not be heard without emotion, and that the battle which the pro-slavery party has thus braved will be joined by their opponents with a spirit of which they little calculate the resistance. This act will be the signal for organization by the free white workingmen of every county in the State, to meet *en masse*, and by solid unity of strength, this daring attempt to drive them from their homesteads and plant in their places the servile sweepings of the jail yards of Southern States. And when that compacted front of free labor shall be organized and shall march to the conflict, we may then mark the end of slavery in Missouri."

These words have a brave sound, but we have little faith in the emancipationists of Missouri, who avowedly exclude the slaves from their sympathy and urge a gradual abolition, to be followed by banishment of the emancipated class, for the exclusive benefit of white laborers. Anti-slavery of this sort is selfish and cruel, and therefore spurious.

FROM HAYTI.—Advices have been received at Boston from Hayti to the 6th of February, at which time all the excitement of the revolution had passed by, and business had revived to its former briskness. The most enthusiastic demonstrations followed the abdication of the Emperor and downfall of the Empire. Crowds went through the streets shouting "Down with the Emperor!" "*Vive le President Geffrard.*" The Governor of Jacmel, one of the Emperor's officials, had been deposed. No other important business had taken place.

Want of room compels us to omit some very interesting details of the events that preceded and followed the revolution.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO.

LETTER FROM REV. N. R. JOHNSTON.

REV. SAMUEL MAY, JR.—*Dear Friend:* I have recently returned from a flying visit to Ohio, where I held a few meetings for the slave. You requested, and I promised to give, a sketch of these meetings. Not only to fulfil my promise, but through a hope that I may encourage others to labor in the same or in a similar field, I give you a sketch, though very brief.

The meetings alluded to were all in Logan County. Not long before I arrived the people had been highly favored with numerous anti-slavery lectures by Miss Watkins, Mr. J. M. Langston, and by a student from Oberlin, whose name I cannot now remember. Following closely upon the lectures of such eloquent speakers as Miss Watkins and Mr. Langston, I would have had no business there if the winning of laurels had been my object; for they not only wear dark skins (and who does not know that such are good passports to approbation in an anti-slavery meeting?), but they are blessed with more than ordinary powers of oratory. Miss Watkins, in her power of description, is rarely equalled; and in her pathos and power to move the heart, she is certainly superior. I learned from friends there that her lectures were greatly admired, and that the truths to which she gave utterance told powerfully upon the pro-slavery or conservative part of her audiences.

Mr. Langston is one of the most popular colored speakers in Ohio, if not in the whole country, and must do good wherever he goes. It is to be regretted, however, that he does not see the iniquity of the United States Constitution and Government, so as to refuse fellowship therein. Like nearly all the colored people of Ohio, he adheres to the Republican party, and is willing to incur all the guilt of the officeholder and voter in this most infamous slave-holding government.

My first meeting was in the village of Northwood. Most of the people therein and thereabouts are "Old Light" Covenanters, most of whom are intelligent and zealous Abolitionists, and all practically adopting the motto, "No union with slaveholders." In the village there are two literary institutions—a Female Seminary and a chartered College, Geneva Hall. They are both under the control of Covenanters and under the true anti-slavery influence. The teachers, in both, hold stock in the Underground Railroad, and, as I know, are sometimes employed as conductors; *not ex officio*, I suppose. In the College I found a colored student, and in the Seminary his sister, who are children of an Alabama slaveholder, who has made provision for their education. The daughter—"Miss Ophelia"—is handsome and very intellectual. She is acquiring an education with rapidity, and is the pride of the school.

The lecture here, which was in the College Hall, and largely attended, was on the subject, previously announced—"*What are Pro-Slavery Churches?*"

The next meeting was in Belle-Centre, a village on the Dayton and Sandusky Railroad. It was held in the Campbellite Baptist church, and was composed of persons of all grades of opinion on the slavery question. In the village and vicinity are many pro-slavery Democrats, many of whom are Old School Presbyterians. Such is their opposition to the anti-slavery reform that their meeting-house is closed against lectures. In the village and vicinity, however, there is enough of the true anti-slavery spirit to keep up a continual warfare, and the work goes on bravely. A few Covenanters there are battling nobly for the whole truth. At the close of my meeting here I gave notice that on the evening of the following Tuesday I would give a lecture on *Disunion.*

My third lecture was at Rushsylvania, a small village north of Bellefontaine, on the railway to Cleveland. Here the people are largely abolitionized. There are two religious organizations, the Free Presbyterian and the Old School Covenanter. Of the latter, our friend Rev. J. R. W. Sloane was formerly pastor. Though the Free Presbyterians are not on the come-outer platform with the Covenanters, the two heartily coöperate in practical abolitionism; and the very night of our meeting there they received a passenger on the Underground railway, of whom I will have occasion to speak again. At the meeting here I met with a Mr. Gurley, a colored man of ability, with quite a vein of true African eloquence, and who is advocating the cause of the colored people in Ohio, which still retains a portion of her old Black Code unrepealed. I should here remark that the people of color in this State are using praiseworthy exertions to redeem themselves from the degradation in which the prejudice and the unjust legislation of the whites have kept them. They have organized a State Anti-Slavery Society for this purpose, and are organizing Underground Railroad Societies all over the State. These bring them together in coöperation in well-doing, and must result in good. Whenever they show, by their decided and energetic action, that they have so much self-respect as to determine to have their own rights, they will command the respect of those who have long oppressed them.

On the evening of the Sabbath following the meeting at Rushsylvania, I had the pleasure of hearing a good anti-slavery address from "old Father Milligan" (as Mr. Garrison calls him), formerly of Ryegate, Vermont. He is one of the old pioneers in our State, and labored with much zeal and at much sacrifice, both in Vermont and New Hampshire, when the arguments with which Abolitionists were met were mob violence and personal abuse. I speak of this old anti-slavery reformer with the more pleasure and gratitude, not only because of his great worth and long-tried zeal and courage, but because I am now laboring in a field whose hard sod he helped to first break up. I now see the results of his work. The seed which he sowed long years ago is now springing up. Where he labored, in the midst of much opposition, to inculcate the old doctrine of immediate emancipation, I, without molestation except from the tongue of slander, or from the dead body of conservatism lying as an obstacle in my path, am trying to sow the seeds of a more radical anti-slavery sentiment.

My next meeting was in Bellefontaine, the county seat of Logan County—a large and thriving village. Here there is great need of anti-slavery labor. The friends there found considerable difficulty in obtaining a house for the lecture. And though I had been invited, and urged, to preach in the O. S. Presbyterian church on Sabbath, the house could not be had for the meeting. I declined preaching, and on Monday evening, in the Baptist church, gave a thorough Garrisonian lecture to a large audience, in which I noticed many colored people. For what end I cannot say, but three or four of the religious bodies so arranged for meetings the same evening that many were prevented from attending ours. Out of five or six clergymen residing in the place, only one—a colored man—attended. I endeavored to be faithful to Christ and the slave by boldly and fully testifying against the pro-slavery churches and ministry, as well as against the pro-slavery character of the government. During two hours and a half a large audience heard me attentively. In the meeting were representatives from all the churches and parties, and I fondly hope that good was done. I presume that mine was the first out-and-out Garrisonian lecture ever given in the place. May the seed sown produce an hundred fold to the cause of truth and righteousness and to the slave.

The next evening—Tuesday—I gave my second lecture in Belle-Centre. The subject—the duty of disunion—had been previously announced, not only at the former lecture, but in one of the churches. You can imagine that there would be quite a "buzz among the bees." Some of the townsmen had said that the lecture should not be allowed. Others said the speaker should be egged. We had quite a large audience, however, and no one attempted the least annoyance. Republicans, Democrats, Old School Presbyterians and all kinds of folks were there. The speaker—he being judge—kept to his text, and argued the duty of nullifying the Constitution and of breaking up the Union, from the wickedness of the original compact, and from duty to God, to the slave, and to ourselves in the North. To the most radical, and what some would call ultra and rabid, abolitionism and disunionism the most respectful and, apparently, candid attention was given. Truly, times have changed. What has not God wrought for us! Who can tell what changes in public opinion may take place in the next ten years? Let us go on in our moral warfare, strong in the faith that God will soon give us the victory and our hearts be made joyful when our ears are greeted with the glad sound of the trumpet announcing that the millions are free!

At the close of the lecture, as had been done in one of the Covenanter churches on the Sabbath, a public collection was taken up for the fugitive secreted in a house near the village. As soon as the meeting was over, according to previous plan, he was put in my care on the Underground Railroad "night train." Thus, starting on my journey home, I became a practical despiser of the United States Constitution and slave laws. Is it treason to hold stock in the aforesaid railroad? Whether it be so or not, it is the only road in which I have any funds invested.

The passenger was a young man from Virginia, who had been the property, if not the son, of a Virginian nearly allied to one who once occupied a high place in Washington. Who may say that among the thirty or forty thousand fugitives in Canada there is not much of the best blood of the Old Dominion? And is it not a burning shame to our country, and especially to the North, that so many of the bravest, and who might become the most influential and useful, men have to flee through the North to seek an asylum under a monarchy, and in the cold regions of Canada?

It gives me pleasure to be able to add that, in the meeting which I held, I felt proud of my own Green Mountain State, when I could point the people of Ohio to the noble example which has been shown them by Vermont, in the passage of the Liberty bill so boldly and defiantly nullifying the Fugitive Slave law and the Dred Scott decision. Ohio must make much advance before she will stand side by side with Vermont in legislation against slavery, and in doing justice to the colored people in the State. Let Southern tyrants know—let the world know—that the Vermont Constitution and laws know no distinction on account of color. Would that we could rise so high as to declare that the Constitution of the United States, whose proslavery clauses make it as wicked as either the Fugitive Slave law or the Dred Scott decision, shall no longer be law in Vermont. Until then we cannot be free.

N. R. JOHNSTON.

ANOTHER HERESY HUNT.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1859.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-

reformers of the Dr. Bacon stamp belong to the same category; the only difference between them and the Bethune party being this, that the Bacon party are more deeply convicted than the other. They know they ought to treat slavery as a sin against God and man. But this they disclaim any intention of doing; and I take it the Tract Society is about a fair representation of the religion of the country.

Please excuse this lengthy scrawl. My sympathies are with all who are striving to overthrow the "sum of all villanies"; and if we cannot succeed, we can clear our own souls from blood guiltiness. Let us, then, be faithful, even "unto the end."

Yours, &c., E. P. FREEMAN.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21st, 1859.

AN Anti-Slavery meeting was held at Longwood, on the 12th and 13th, which, though marked by no special incident, is not unworthy of a passing notice. The weather was rough, and the roads were rougher, but the people turned out well, and the meeting was a live one. It was held from 2 1-2 till 4 1 2 o'clock p.m. the first day, and from 11 a. m.—with a short recess for refreshment—till 5 p. m. the second day. The speakers were Lucretia Mott, Joseph A. Dugdale, Reuben Tomlinson, William Barnard, Thomas Hambleton, Simon Barnard, a man named Walker, Sarah Pugh, and J. M. McKim. A series of resolutions were offered expressive of the sentiments of the meeting, which, after due discussion, were unanimously adopted.

The first of these resolutions affirmed that the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause, as seen in the reformation of our country's literature, the improvement of our politics, and the melioration of our religion, was a matter of congratulation, calling upon all Abolitionists to thank God and take courage.

The second declared that the developments recently made of the iniquity of slavery and the turpitude of its upholders had increased our loathing of the system to a degree that defied the power of language, and could only be expressed by unremitting exertions for its overthrow.

The third, and the one that occasioned the chief discussion, was to the effect that exertions for the overthrow of slavery, "in order to be immediately useful and ultimately successful, should involve no compromise of principle, but should be made to conform to the strictest demands of Christian morality."

The fourth and fifth, offered by Joseph A. Dugdale, set forth, the one the power of individual conscience and public opinion, and the other the ground of our hopes of a final triumph—reiterating the language of the Declaration of Sentiments: "Our trust for victory is solely in God. *We* may be defeated, but our principles never."

The only ground of difference on these resolutions was as to the interpretation to be put upon the third, which affirms that our measures should all accord with the demands of the *strictest* morality; the question being whether the exercise of the right of franchise under the Constitution was or was not a contravention of such demands. Chandler Darlington, Thomas Hambleton and Joseph A. Dugdale took the ground that, under certain circumstances, and with certain views and feelings which the two latter defined, an Abolitionist might go to the polls and vote, and that therefore they had cast their ballots for Fremont at the last Presidential election. Reuben Tomlinson, J. M. McKim, and—so far as she touched on the subject—Lucretia Mott took the other side; contending that principle and expediency alike admonished us to eschew politics, even in their most diluted form, and to keep our enterprise *wholly* on a moral basis. All agreed in maintaining the abstract doctrine of the resolution, and the advocates of the ballot were as strong as their opponents in their expressions of indifference and even contempt of the American Union. The effect of the debate was, on the whole, to raise the standard of anti-slavery purity, and, by promoting a good understanding among those who are agreed on all other points, to increase the efficiency of anti-slavery action. Having now settled first principles, so far, perhaps, as it can be done in the abstract, and all who desired it having had an opportunity to define their position on a debateable question, the way is open for another meeting at Longwood, at which what are called the more practical phases of our movement can be taken up and considered. It is hoped that, in the course of the next three or four months, another convention of the same kind will be called, to resume and complete the unfinished business of this. The heart of old Kennett, I am happy to say, is still true to the cause, and Longwood is not, and I trust never will be, closed to those who would essay to quicken its pulses.

The much-talked-of *Bob Butt*, whose alliterative name and peculiar case have been before the public for several weeks, is still the topic of some remark. The sympathy usually excited in this community by a statement of individual hardship under slavery has in this case been a good deal neutralized by the contempt which is felt for the perpetrators.

Bob Butt is a slave, now living in Portsmouth, Virginia. He is an "undertaker and grave-digger," and, as such, accompanied to this city, a few weeks ago, the remains of certain Philadelphians who had died in Norfolk and Portsmouth during the yellow fever of 1855, and whose bodies were brought here for final sepulture. At the services at St. Stephen's Church on this occasion, Dr. Ducachet, formerly of Norfolk, is represented as having said:

"At Portsmouth, when everything was distress and terror, there was one humble individual who was a friend to all. He is a slave, and a man whom all ought to honor. That poor negro, a sexton in one of the churches at Portsmouth, was always on hand to nurse the sick as long as opportunity offered. His name is Robert Butt, and he is a man well worthy of our highest respect. While his master's house was desolated with sickness, he buried with his own hand 1,159 bodies. Now, I call that a man. He has a dark skin, but he has a warm and generous heart. He is a slave, but he shall be a slave no longer. He has been sent here to bury the remains of those who, like him, were endeavoring to stay the progress of this hideous monster. He will go back and tell his friends in Portsmouth that Philadelphia has a grateful heart, and can appreciate kindness."

The paper to which I am indebted for this extract contains "a card," signed with Bob Butt's mark, in which it is stated that he is the slave of a man named James Brittain; that he is 43 years of age; that he has a wife and children, who belong to other parties; that $4,000 is the price asked for them all; that this is not more "than half their moneyed value," but that, nevertheless, this price will be taken; and that he, Bob, has permission to make an appeal to the humane public of Philadelphia for aid in raising it.

To strengthen the appeal, the "card" quotes the following extract from the Report of the Portsmouth Relief Association:

"And then we had to make provision for the burial of the dead. In this last sad duty, the Association was materially assisted by the indefatigable and truly praiseworthy exertions of one of our colored population, familiarly known as Bob Butt, a humble negro, in his line, performed duty beyond all price. From morn till night he labored at his spade, and frequently made the graveyard his resting place. Under his direction and superintendence, all who died of the fever were decently committed to their mother earth."

To what extent the appeal to the "well-known generosity of the people of this great city" has been responded to I am unable to say, but it is to be inferred, from the fact that one of our theatres announced the other day that the proceeds of the performance were to go to the benefit of the Bob Butt fund, that the amount has not yet been made up.

That sympathy in this case should yield in some degree to contempt is a thing not surprising. The meanest and, at the same time, the most ungrateful mendicants in the United States are Virginia slaveholders. Thousands and scores of thousands of dollars have been carried from this city by Virginia slaves, who have been "kindly permitted" to come here and beg a price, which, in many instances, could not be commanded at home, to purchase themselves, their wives or their children. In the name of patriotism, they solicit and get the best appointments in the army and navy, in foreign secretaryships and home clerkships, and in the name of humanity they send their slaves to beg their price from door to door in our Northern cities; and when they get the money—for all that we know to the contrary—they go to the flesh market and invest it in other and more promising stock of the same kind. Pampered paupers are proverbially insolent, but there is a coolness about these beneficiaries of the public at Norfolk and Portsmouth that goes ahead of any common effrontery. In 1855 these towns were visited with a mortal distemper; the people died by hundreds. An imploring cry for aid was sent to Philadelphia and other Northern cities. The appeal was responded to with liberality and promptness. We sent money and provisions, doctors, medicine and nurses. In the course of time the scourge was stayed, but not until some of our most promising physicians and best nurses had paid the forfeit of their lives in their attempts to avert its progress. The service thus rendered to Virginia was acknowledged at the following session of the Legislature, by the passage of an invidious law, imposing burdens on our tonage, the object being to prevent the escape of an occasional slave! And now, when we send to Norfolk for the bodies of those heroic men and women who laid down their lives for that ungrateful city, and when we have gathered their remains from the unbonored graves in which they were interred, to bring them here for decent burial, they send back with our messengers, at our expense, their chief undertaker and benefactor, and beg us in humanity's name to pay them the price of his freedom. Read their own testimony to the character and services of the man whom they offer for sale, and say whether any class of people in this country, except such as deal in the bodies of their own children could ever be found to stoop to such dishonor. But this is Southern chivalry! This is slaveholding high-mindedness! What cause we have to be proud of "our Southern brethren!" A man, talking on this subject the other day, in my presence, said: "If I were appointed to hunt out the meanest man, I would strike right for Virginia and look among the F. F. V.'s"; and the group around him seemed to think that nowhere else would he be more likely to find the object of his pursuit.

I wish to say a few words in regard to the subject of my last letter, in addition to what was therein contained. First in regard to the man: George F. Alberti is not only respectable in appearance and manners, but he is respectably descended and connected. His father was a practitioner of medicine in this city, well reputed for his skill and highly esteemed as a man. He was a particular friend of the late Dr. Joseph Parrish, who used to relate anecdotes of his extraordinary tenderness and humane sensibility. So lively was his sympathy with his patients that in hopeless cases he could not make known to them his opinion without extreme and visible pain. Such was the father of George F. Alberti. His connections were equally remarkable. He is related, by marriage, to some of our very best Quaker families, such as the Mickles, Bartrams and Shipleys, including the family of the late Thomas Shipley, whose honored name all Abolitionists cherish. Now, how a man thus born and bred could ever have got down to his present level is a matter of marvel.

Alberti's defence of slavery and slave-catching from the Bible, and his professions of personal piety, constitute a satire upon the prevailing religion, than which I can imagine nothing more striking. He is a patriot, too; a law-abiding man; a friend of the Union; one who has stood by the Constitution for 40 years, and who can refer to deeds as well as words in proof of his loyalty. If he is not a "national" man, who is?

But I don't believe that Alberti will ever catch another slave. First, because the business, as such, is at an end in this community; second, because his sands are nearly run (he stands now on the verge of "three score and ten"); third, because he has a wife in whose bosom beats a woman's heart, who protests against his ever undertaking another case, and who positively affirms that he never will; and, fourth, because the remnant which is left him of his better nature, however slight, will be sufficient for what I apprehend will be the still slighter temptations in this direction to which it is hereafter to be subjected. I have had three interviews—including the one described—with Mr. Alberti, and, as the result, and for the reasons stated, I am of the impression that he will never try to catch another slave.

A man may for awhile shut himself within the lids of his Bible, and, like a tortoise in his shell, feel secure from attack, but a live coal from the altar of truth will make him start from his hiding place, and expose his breast to the spear of reason. God has not left himself without a witness in the heart of any man, and George F. Alberti is no exception to his species. M.

PERSONAL.

Chief Justice Taney abstains from all society. Even Lord Napier was recently denied an interview with him, in consequence of age and infirmities.

It is rumored at Washington that Mr. Buchanan is thinking of making D. S. Dickinson Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court, in place of Taney, who talks of resigning.

A great-grandson of the venerable William Penn, and who was cheek by jowl, when young, with James the Second (not Buchanan), died recently, at a very advanced age, in a hospital at Bristol, England.

Miss Lizzie Holland of Waverly, Tioga County, a young lady fully identified by complexion with the enslaved of this land, is a new speaker in behalf of Freedom in America, who has taken the platform.

The health of the Rev. George Bush, D.D., is so infirm that, by the advice of physicians, he is about to remove to a warmer climate for the remainder of the cold season.

Dr. Bailey, the editor of *The National Era*, who has been seriously ill for some time, will probably sail for Europe early in the spring. An entire release from his professional labors for a few months will, it is hoped, work his cure.

It is said that Barnum is clearing $700 a week in England by his lecture on "How to make money." He has declined an offer from an eminent London publishing house of £1,200 for the exclusive right to publish his Lectures in Great Britain.

In the front row of seats in the Maine Assembly sits the world-renowned Neal Dow. He has already distinguished himself as a ready debater. When he speaks, the House listens. His is a very smooth way of saying very harsh things, and a genial smile plays round his face, even when retorting in his most cutting and sarcastic manner.

Lucretia Mott will preach, by invitation of the Rev. Mr. Bassett, in the Orthodox Congregational Church in Washington, on Sunday next. Our correspondent at that place will doubtless give us some account of the reception she meets with under circumstances so novel and important.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage ("Aunt Fanny"), of St. Louis, is about to embark at New Orleans for Hayti, via Cuba. Her husband's brother will accompany her. The results of her observations in that country and during her journey thither will doubtless find their way to the public in due time. We are encouraged to expect from her an occasional communication.

Says the Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post*: "Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, a young artist of this city, has just completed a bust, in plaster, of Hon. Joshua R. Giddings. It is pronounced by all the friends of the latter to be a most admirable likeness. While this is true, it also evinces much promise for the future of the gifted young artist. Mr. Ward was born in Ohio, but studied for several years with H. K. Brown, the artist, of New York."

Gen. Walker, the filibuster, "the hero of many fields, the statesman and lawgiver" (we quote the language of *The Mobile Mercury*), has joined the Catholic Church. The initiation took place in the Mobile Cathedral on the 1st of February. William, the hero, was reared after the straightest sect a Presbyterian, and, we have heard, prepared himself for the service of the pulpit in that denomination.

The more Baron Humboldt advances in years, the more every line he writes, every word he utters, and every—even the most trifling—event concerning him, is recorded by the German press. The following anecdote is just given by a Berlin paper: "The celebrated savant possessed a black parrot, presented to him years ago by the grandfather of the Princess of Prussia, Karl-August of Saxe-Weimar. Baron Humboldt was very fond of the bird; and returning home the other day from a dinner-party, he was disagreeably surprised by finding the parrot sitting droopingly on his perch. 'Well, Jacob,' he said, approaching the cage, 'which of us two is likely to die first?' 'Pray, your Excellency,' remarked his old valet, 'do not speak to the bird of such serious matters.' Humboldt turns away silently, taking up a book. Half an hour afterward, the bird suddenly turns round, looks at its master, and—drops down dead. At this moment, poor black Poll is being stuffed at the University Museum for his afflicted survivor."

A letter from Washington gives the following description of the testimonial lately bestowed upon Mr. Giddings:

"The testimonial to Joshua R. Giddings, now completed, is on exhibition at Messrs. Galt & Brother, the manufacturers, of this city. It consists of a solid silver tea set of six pieces, and a highly ornamented waiter. The ground work of its style of ornament is what is technically known as 'engine turned,' a style highly popular from its exceeding chasteness, and the advantage it possesses over work entirely plain, in not showing marks and scratches. This is relieved by engraved representations of the tea plant, water lilies, &c. The handles and spouts are beautifully wrought in scroll and leaf work, and on each piece is an ornamental shield bearing the following inscription:

"'Presented by One Hundred and Four Members of the Thirty-fifth Congress to JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, as a token of respect for his moral worth and personal integrity.'

"Accompanying the service of silver is a walking cane, of rare and beautiful wood, mounted with a massive gold head, which bears a similar inscription to that on the service. In accordance with Mr. Giddings's wishes, no ceremony has been made in presenting the service. It has simply been notified to him that there are a 'few articles' at Messrs. Galt & Brother awaiting his order. The whole cost of the testimonial was five hundred and twenty dollars."

Our Washington Correspondence.

The new Message about Mexico and the Central American States—The President wishes to be King—The Debate in the Senate—Douglas goes in for Presidential Sovereignty—Jeff. Davis against it—The Napier Ball—Why Napier leaves Washington—A substitute for the Cuban bill—Slave cases in Washington—Presentation of a cane to Mr. Giddings by the colored people of Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1859.

THE second message of the President respecting Mexico and the Central American States, calling upon Congress to clothe him with the power to make war at his pleasure upon those States, has excited astonishment, even among his friends. In his message sent in the day Congress came together, Mr. Buchanan petitioned Congress to grant him these extraordinary powers, but from that day to this the bill framed for this purpose has made no headway, and, with but a little more than a week of the session remaining, the heavy Appropriation bills not passed, and the Thirty Million bill in the same predicament, it is surprising that the President should have the effrontery to send in a fresh message upon this subject. Is he more anxious to employ his leisure in the recess by throwing bombshells at the Mexicans or Nicaraguans than to have his bankrupt Treasury replenished with money? It would seem so. No provision has yet been made to pay old debts or to meet the new ones; and if the war message is to be considered at length as the gravity of the question demands, no time will be left to pass the Appropriation bills or discuss the propriety of a new Loan bill.

There can be little doubt that the President is desirous of filibustering upon his own hook in Central America. If not, why is he so very anxious to get the powers of a King into his hand? In a great emergency no one denies to him the right to use the army to protect American citizens, only in that case he does it upon his own responsibility. And why should he not do it upon his responsibility? He is forced to be cautious by his fears of condemnation by Congress. But absolve him beforehand, and what will he not do? I can interpret his conduct in no other manner. He wishes to get into a war either with Mexico or the Central American States, which he knows Congress would call him to strict account for unless he succeeds in getting its authority beforehand. I am pleased to say that there are Southern politicians who oppose this loose and reckless style of legislation.

When the message came into the Senate, a long debate ensued upon it. Senators Seward and Fessenden spoke eloquently against the astounding proposition, and even Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, said that to Congress, under the Constitution, belonged the power to declare war, and that he could not consent to hand over so grave a responsibility to the President. Benjamin, of Louisiana, was the ablest defender of the message and its proposal. He is always the advocate of all the doubtful measures of the Administration, and can always be relied upon to do any work, however distasteful to an honest man, and to do it well. Mr. Douglas, to my surprise, though I had no right to be surprised at anything he may do, came to the rescue of the President against the damaging attacks of Seward, Fessenden, Wade and Davis. He not only wanted the bill which has been framed to meet the views and wishes of the President to pass, but would make a general law giving to all Presidents hereafter the power to redress the grievances of American people—in other words, to declare war—without the sanction of Congress. This, you will recollect, is the great advocate of Popular Sovereignty; yet we find him now trying to take from the people the war-making power and giving it to a single man, or, in other words, giving the President the powers of a king or emperor!

The Napier ball has been a great event in the fashionable world during the past week. It is everywhere pretended that it is got up by the people of Washington because the Napiers are favorites with them. But the fact is, Washington people like any English Lord well enough, and I presume will welcome Napier's successor as warmly as they part with the present British Minister. It is well known here that the ball was got up because of the stories against Napier which have filled the newspapers, and because it is everywhere felt that his removal is an indication that the British government is not fully satisfied with his conduct in this country. His successor is *promoted*; but Lord Napier goes where he gets a smaller salary and has a less important mission than the one he relinquishes. Can any one tell why he is thus disgraced? There has been but one reason assigned, and that is the true one. Lord Napier, no matter what the toadies say to the contrary, *has* been the friend, the apologist and the flatterer of the Slave Power. It is no reply to this charge to say that he has been intimate with Mr. Seward. Mr. Seward is socially intimate with half the Fire-Eaters in Congress. Lord Napier was a Lecomptonite; he fraternized with the murderers of Sumner; he has made light of the anti-slavery issue—in short, has given his personal influence *against freedom*. Such he has been at Washington, and for this conduct he is removed, and to sugar over his reputation this great ball has been held in his honor. I know it to be a fact that Republicans have been solicited to take a leading part in the festivities on purpose to give the lie to the assertion that they generally regard Napier as their enemy.

The condition of the Slidell Thirty Million bill must be regarded by its friends as hopeless, for Mason, of Virginia, has already given notice that he will introduce a substitute for that bill, relinquishing the thirty million loan, and simply declaring by resolution that Congress is in favor of the annexation of Cuba to this country, and will be very glad to pay a round sum of money for it when Spain will sell. This is a political movement intended to entrap the Republicans. The Democrats imagine that this Cuban movement is popular even in the free States, but I think they mistake. If the people could be made fully to understand it, they would not hesitate long about paying $200,000,000 for a little island which will be an incumbrance rather than an acquisition of wealth or power. Perceiving that the Slidell bill must fail, the President now slips in, through a friend, the new proposition—to commit Congress beforehand to the idea of Cuban annexation, at no enormous price of course, for we must pay high if we get her at all.

I spoke in my last letter of a slave case in this city, where a poor widow at once invested her all to save a slave-mother from the Southern market. Since then I have seen the noble woman as well as the slave who was rescued from the jaws of a monster worse than death.

The poor victim is so deeply scarred from head to foot by the blows of her Maryland master, where, we are told, the institution exists only in a mild condition. This woman is all gashed up, in some places to the bone, and is a sample of what is perpetrated where slavery is shorn of its most hideous features—according to its apologists in this region.

Anti-slavery is the normal condition of man and woman. This must be so, for I have discovered in this poor widow, not a person who has ever had an anti-slavery education, not a person who has had the advantage of anti-slavery books, papers and tracts, but who is, nevertheless, *an Abolitionist*. Her *education* has been all wrong, for she lived for years among people who defend the system of negro slavery. With a Bible and a generous heart, she has had no trouble to arrive at the truth in this matter, and for years she has been succor to the down-trodden slaves in this region. She is so quiet and retired that there is not the slightest danger that this article will betray her to any enemies. A few years ago, a slave came to her in distress: for four hundred dollars cash he could gain his freedom, the other alternative was transportation South. The kind-hearted woman had this amount of money, and, not even taking security, by nominally owning the colored man, as she might have done under the laws of the District, she bought him and gave him his free papers. Now, see what a member of this "inferior race" did. At the end of every month the colored man presented himself at the widow's door, with every penny of his wages, allowing her to give him what she pleased for his food and clothing, until *every dollar* of the whole four hundred was paid up!

Many is the time when she has sheltered the outlawed in her humble cottage, at the risk of fines and imprisonments, and the oppressed know her name and place of abode far and near, though the rich and proud never heard or will hear her name.

While upon this subject, you will pardon me if I relate an incident that occurred within my experience during the last week. My family grocer is a slaveholder—that is, he has a single domestic. He is by no means a sample of the slaveholders in this region, but often apologizes for the institution. For months he has hired in his shop a little slave boy, to whom the family became much attached. One day last week, just as a month's wages were due, an order came for the delivery of the boy to the stranger who brought it; in a word, the bright-eyed, pleasant little fellow was sold to the far South. The grocer remonstrated, the females of the family wept bitterly and beseeched. A young son, fresh from a Northern college, swore as terribly as the army did in Flanders against the bearer of the order *and the institution of slavery*—but all to no purpose. Ere this the boy is a thousand miles away, and he will wear out his life on a cotton or sugar plantation. The grocer had often disputed with me about the cruel system of which this was one of the fruits, but I did not reprove him at this moment by any uttered language, for it was unnecessary.

Mr. Giddings has lately been presented with a costly service of plate and a gold-headed cane by his Congressional associates, and most richly does he deserve the testimonial; for he has been faithful in and out of season. It is to his honor that, after twenty years of bitter and earnest controversy in Congress, he receives such a testimonial from his associates. For Mr. Giddings has never been a man to say severe things in a speech and the next moment to be playing the toady to the very men whom he has denounced as thieves and murderers. He has spoken the truth so boldly that *he has made enemies*, just as every true man will do. We have men in Congress who pride themselves in being able to talk against slavery, and yet always very intimate with slaveholders. Mr. Giddings is not one of this slippery class of politicians. *The slaveholders have always hated him, and hate him to-day.* Why shouldn't they? Does a thief love the officers who arrest him, the jury who convict?

But I must not forget to tell you that Mr. Giddings was presented, the other night, with a beautiful ebony cane, silver-mounted, *by the free colored people of Washington!* He will prize *this* testimonial more highly than the other, or I am greatly mistaken. The colored people of Washington know him to be their true friend and defender in Congress. He has never voted a dollar to support the policemen of this city, because they oppress the colored people of Washington. He has repeatedly exposed the cruel laws which vex and oppress God's poor in this city, and has never for reputation's sake ceased to war against slavery or the villanous anti-negro-prejudice. D. S. T.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.—*The Herald* of Wednesday contained the following paragraph:

"We learn that one of the great lights of the Black Republican party gave, at Washington, the other night, one of the finest *soirées* of the season, as select and *distingué*, though not so numerous, as the official or semi-official gatherings. The leaders of the Republican party were all present, and were regaled with the presentation of two colored guests, splendid specimens of the cross between the pure African and the West Indian. The colored men were the lions of the *fête*, and were duly paraded through the rooms for the delectation of their white brothers. It was a curious and novel spectacle."

Mr. Seward's *soirée* is understood to be the one here alluded to. Who were the colored guests we do not know, but it is to be presumed that they were not unworthy of the company to which they were introduced by the Senator from New York.

The Herald vents its feelings, in view of this practical testimony of Gov. Seward against the vulgar prejudice of color, in ribald abuse of the "Black Republicans." But we have evidence, in the same number of *The Herald*, that Senator Seward is not the only man, in high authority under the American government, who has had the grace to recognize the equality of a "nigger." Here is a passage from the London correspondence of that paper, describing the scene in the House of Lords, Feb. 3d, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by the Queen:

"The American Minister (Mr. Dallas), wearing the distinction of a plain black coat, enters the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps, where his simple dress is at once conspicuous amid the rich uniforms and glittering orders which all around him wear. The Swedish and Netherland ministers follow *with the Minister from Hayti, whom, though what is politely termed a gentleman of color, Mr. Dallas, nevertheless, cordially recognizes and shakes hands with.*"

Why does *The Herald*, while abusing Mr. Seward, say nothing of the more conspicuous example of Mr. Dallas? Is it because the former is a "Black Republican," while the latter is a sham Democrat?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

KANSAS IN 1858, being chiefly a History of the Recent Troubles in the Territory. By WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON. New York: H. Dayton. Pp. 302.

We have here a narrative of events attending the recent troubles in Kansas, by an eye and ear witness, whose simple-hearted honesty is apparent on every page. We take pleasure in commending it to those who desire to make themselves familiar with the trials and struggles of those who have resisted the nefarious attempt to fasten slavery upon Kansas, and to realize the depravity of that Democracy which has so long ruled the United States. The work is dedicated to Henry Ward Beecher—we presume by his own consent.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January (Leonard Scott & Co.'s American edition) contains the following articles:

1. Reform of Parliament.
2. The Religious Policy of Austria.
3. The Sanitary Condition of the Army.
4. Chloroform and other Anæsthetics.
5. Spiritual Destitution in England.
6. Carlyle's History of Frederick the Second.
7. Recent Cases of Witchcraft.
8. Cotemporary Literature.

Not one of these papers is dull, though all are not of equal interest to American readers. We have read with greatest profit the articles entitled "Chloroform and other Anæsthetics" and "Recent Cases of Witchcraft," which contain many facts and suggestions interesting alike to the philosopher and the philanthropist. This number of the *Westminster* closes the seventy-second volume.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January (L. Scott & Co.'s Reprint) contains nine articles, as follows:

1. Helps' Spanish Conquest in America.
2. Life Assurance.
3. The Church Rate Question.
4. The Roman Catacombs.
5. The Hudson Bay Territory.
6. Lord Liverpool's Administration until 1822.
7. Library of the British Museum.
8. Life and Organization.
9. History and Prospects of Parliamentrry Reform.

These themes are discussed with the vigor and earnestness that have always characterized the pages of this Review. The article "Life and Organization," indicating the progress and spirit of modern science, in its researches into organic nature, evinces a thorough acquaintance with the subject and rare power of analysis and description.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March offers its usual tempting variety, as follows:

1. Holbein and the Dance of Death.
2. Lizzy Griswold's Thanksgiving.
3. Acumen and his Mare.
4. Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith.
5. Bulls and Bears—continued.
6. The Waterfall.
7. The Winter-Birds.
8. "The New Life" of Dante—concluded.
9. The Double-Headed Snake of Newbury.
10. A Plea for the Fijians.
11. The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.
12. The Utah Expedition.
13. The Minister's Wooing—continued.
14. Review—Sawyer's New Testament.

The first article is from the pen of Richard Grant White, of this city; the second is a capital story by Rose Terry; the third a Poem by Alger; the ninth a poem by Whittier, for which see fourth page; the tenth a capital piece of irony—the best that we have seen in a long time—in which cannibalism is vindicated by arguments similar to those usually employed for the justification of slavery. "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" discourses as wisely and wittily as usual; and the new chapters of Mrs. Stowe's story, "The Minister's Wooing," are as good as those which went before them. The review of Sawyer's New Testament is severe, but just.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 769, has for a frontispiece an admirable likeness of Hugh Miller, while the first sixteen pages are occupied by an interesting account of his life and works. "The Autobiography of Catherine II." is the subject of a long paper from the *National Review*. "Poudre Rose" is the title of a story from *Chambers's Journal*. Deliser & Procter. 508 Broadway.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—Mrs. May, Mrs. Garrison and Mrs. Chapman respectfully acknowledge the following sums, to be added to the contributions received at the Subscription Anniversary:

J. C. Lindsley, Esq., Dorchester, Mass.	- -	$20 00
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Remond, Salem, "	- -	5 00
Dr. Joseph Sargent Worcester, "	- -	15 00
William I. Bowditch, Brookline, "	- -	30 00

Mrs. Follen acknowledges the receipt of the following additional subscriptions:

From a lady of Brookline, Mass.	- - -	$20 00
Miss Mattie Griffith, New York,	- - -	5 00

DR CHEEVER delivered, on Sunday evening last, the third of his series of discourses upon the Iniquity of Slavery and the Slave Trade. His special topic was, Patriarchal Servitude—his object to show that Abraham was no slaveholder. The house was crowded, and the interest so deep that the multitude seemed ready at times, in spite of the associations of the time and place, to express their enthusiasm by hearty applause. The Doctor took occasion, incidentally, to speak of the rumors of "Troubles in the Church of the Puritans," remarking that the said "troubles" were not *in* the Church, but outside thereof, among those who had failed in their efforts to turn the pastor out of the pulpit. He alluded to the *ex-parte* Ecclesiastical Council that met here a few days before, at the call of the pro-slavery malcontents who had been dismissed from the Church, rebuking its impertinence and declaring that its efforts to embarrass the Church and counteract the influence of an unshackled pulpit would be abortive.

To-morrow evening Dr. Cheever will deliver his fourth sermon, in which he will exhibit "the demonstration and prohibition of the wickedness of slavery in the laws of Moses." Those who mean to hear it should go early.

We learn that Dr. Cheever is likely to be called upon to repeat a part or all of this series of discourses in the Cooper Institute.

THE ACT ABOLISHING SLAVERY IN KANSAS failed to become a law for lack of the Governor's signature. By some jugglery, to which the Governor is believed to have been himself a party, it was kept out of his hands to so late an hour of the session that the law allowed him to kill it by simply putting it in his pocket. If it had reached him a little earlier, he would have been compelled either to approve or veto it—a responsibility which he was most anxious to avoid, because an approval of such an act would have damaged him with the party leaders in Washington, and a veto, on the other hand, would have injured his prospects for becoming a U. S. Senator upon the admission of Kansas into the Union. Kansas, therefore, is still a slave Territory, in fact as well as in theory.

A LETTER FROM STEPHEN S. FOSTER is necessarily deferred till next week.

Summary.

The Committee on Federal Relations gave a hearing, on Thursday, Feb. 10th, to the memorialists against the Dred Scott decision. William C. Nell, Robert Morris and Lewis Hayden addressed the Committee. We have not room now for further particulars.—*Liberator.*

In a letter to Theodore Parker, dated Montpelier, Jan. 11th, Charles Sumner says:

"People here never tire in expressing their astonishment that a Republic can continue to sustain slavery. They tell me that this anomaly makes it impossible now for the liberals of Europe to cite our example."

At a recent celebration of Tom Paine's birthday at Cincinnati, the infidels present toasted "The Heretic Clergy, Parker, Emerson, Conway, Chapin, Beecher, and all who love man above all creeds and sects and rituals and observance, who regard man as the highest and holiest and most sacred of all in the universe"—may their motto be "ever onward, greater freedom and clearer light."

KANSAS.—*Leavenworth, Monday, Feb.* 14, 1859.—The Territorial Legislature adjourned on Friday. Among its last acts was the passage of a general amnesty bill, granting pardon to persons in custody, and immunity from prosecution on account of past disturbances in Southern Kansas. The bill received the approval of the Governor.

At five years of age the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; at ten the schoolmaster rubs out the father; at twenty the college rubs out the schoolmaster; at twenty-five the world rubs out all his predecessors, and gives us a new education, till we are old enough and wise enough to take reason and religion for a pastor, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we had previously learned.

Mrs. Lee, an aged lady, of Columbus, Ohio, a few days since obtained a warrant for the arrest of a mulatto named William Foley, on the ground that he had destroyed her happiness, by marrying her daughter Mary Ann, a very pretty white girl, making an oath to the effect that the girl was eighteen years of age, when she was but sixteen. The girl, however, appears to be satisfied with her dissolute colored husband, and is determined to stick to him.

The President has dismissed Mr. Stewart, Marshal of Georgia, because of want of vigilance in preventing the landing and distribution of slaves. For a much stronger reason he ought to deprive of his office Mr. Rynders, the Marshal of New York, the proof being ample that he and his Deputy, O'Keefe, were fully acquainted with the character of the Wanderer, and that they materially aided her owners in his preparations by concealing and protecting his proceedings while they held the vessel in custody.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

Not long since, in his famous Duquesne letter, Mr. Buchanan vigorously inveighed against the use of money in elections. It has just been developed by the Naval Investigating Committee that a man who has managed to secure several fat contracts for live-oak timber paid to the Pennsylvania Democratic State Committe, in 1856, about $16,000 to secure the election of the same Mr. Buchanan, who is shocked at the immorality of using money to carry elections.

MEETINGS AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE OF BOSTON.—John A. Andrew, Esq., has recently delivered an able and instructive discourse on the education of the young. Rev. Warren Burton has also spoken in several of the colored churches on his favorite theme—Home Education. The interest generated by the efforts of these two philanthropists, we trust, will soon be manifested both among the parents and children. A temperance organization has just been established. A series of public meetings are in progress.—*Liberator.*

A BIG SLEIGH RIDE.—*The Springfield Republican* gives an account of what it calls the "greatgranfather of sleigh-rides," being a popular excursion to that city of fifty to sixty double teams, with 750 persons from Holyoke, on Saturday last. The party consisted of the employees of the Lyman Mills at Holyoke. The teams were decked with flags and evergreens, and the grand procession passed through the principal streets of the town, exchanging happy greetings with the thousands that were drawn to witness the spectacle, and creating great excitement wherever it went.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The vigilance committee of Massachusetts, of which Samuel E. Sewall is chairman and Francis Jackson treasurer, make an appeal for funds. Since 1850 they have expended $9,028 in aid of over 400 fugitives from slavery, and frequent arrivals from the South still continue. Besides money, they ask those willing to furnish employment and protection to fugitives to make the fact known, as there are often negroes who prefer to run the risk of stopping in Massachusetts rather than to seek safety in Canada. The treasury of the committee is now empty, and whatever money is placed in their hands will no doubt be wisely used.

The Queen of Oude, taking offence at the recent Indian proclamation of the Queen of England, has issued a counter proclamation, in which, among other subjects, the dusky lady refers to the generally accepted Christian theology, and finds the same stumbling-block over which the Unitarians trip—the doctrine of the Trinity. She observes, in this connection, that "that religion is the true one that recognizes but a single God, and can acknowledge none other. But when there are three Gods in one religion, neither the Mohammedans, the Hindoos, the Jews, the Sun-worshippers, nor even the Fire-worshippers, can believe it to be true."

Mr. B. F. Butler, a lawyer of Boston, is somewhat noted for his severity in examining witnesses. A correspondent of *The Century* relates:

"He was lately engaged in a legal case, in which Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, was one of the witnesses. When Butler came to cross-examine him, he began in his usual style of unceremonious ferocity. The judge mildly interposed, and said perhaps Brother Butler didn't know who the witness was; it was Professor Horsford—Professor of Harvard College. 'Oh, yes!' mumbled Butler, as he leisurely stroked his chin, 'Professor Horsford! Harvard Professor! Professor of Harvard College! Yes, we *hung one of 'em 'tother day!*'"

We find an interesting account, in the *Journal of Missions*, of an African, born in Abyssinia. When an infant, he was stolen as a slave by the Arabian Moslems, and sold to the Grand Vizier of the Persian government. He is now about 26 years of age, quite good-looking, black as ebony, but with the peculiar regular features of the Abyssinian race, and with some of the African features. He came to Tripoli recently from Bagdad, on his way to some country where he could enjoy freedom of conscience. Every effort had been used to convert him to the Papal faith. From Tripoli he went to Beirut, desiring to go to the Seminary of Abeih, or to the Protestant College at Malta. He said that he had but one desire, and that was to read the Bible. He was in correspondence with the brethren of Beirut, it was deemed best to yield to his expressed preference to go to Malta.

HIGH PRICES OF HUMAN FLESH IN NATCHITOCHES.—*The Natchitoches Chronicle*, of the 5th, records the following sales in that parish. The property was that of the late Judge Greneaux, and to two years' credit:

Paul, Adelaide, Alexandre, Etemore, and an infant, $4,400; George, $2,070; Milton and Francis, $3,100; Tom, Joy and Joe, $3,800; John, $2,200; Sam and Rachel, $1,675; Sylvester, $1,650; Harriet, Gaspard, and Emma, $2,600; Sally and Maria, $805; Ann, $1,705; Pierre, Frozine, Edward, Matilde, and Corinne, $4,070; Caroline, $1,225; Jack, $1,810; Wesley, $1,985; Fanny, $1,850; Carter, $1,425; Emily, $1,320; Corinne, $1,650—Total, $39,640.

Of these 33 slaves 10 were under 8 years of age.

THE NAPIER BALL.—The Washington correspondent ("S.") of *The Times* tells why President Buchanan was invited to the complimentary ball to Lord Napier. Some time since he ill-naturedly declared that he would have nothing to do with it, because Gov. Seward was so prominent in the affair! With irresistible determination to make himself especially ridiculous, he declared that he would have nothing to do with anything in which the inestimable Senator from New York was conspicuous. How clearly the Buchanan character sticks out here. The only way to get into his

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTER.

"Concerning ye Amphisbæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry: . . . he assures me yt it had really two heads, one at each end, two mouths, two stings or tongues."—*Rev. Christopher Toppan to Cotton Mather.*

Far away in the twilight time
Of every people, in every clime,
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
Born of water, and air, and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.
So from the childhood of Newbury town
And its time of fable the tale comes down
Of a terror that haunted bush and brake,
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake.

Then who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On a desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half-redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary and dark and old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew
When Time was young and the world was new,
And wore its shadows with sun and moon
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn!
Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified;
And think, if his lot were now thine own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might serve;
And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads and not a score!

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen,
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,
Nothing on record is left to show;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,
And left the cast of a "double head"
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed,
For he carried a head where his tail should be,
And the two, of course, could never agree,
But wriggled about with main and might,
Now to the left and now to the right;
Pulling and twisting this way and that,
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near!—
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear!
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day!
How urchins, searching at day's decline
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,
The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whirr of bird!
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
In berry-time, of the younger sort,
As over pastures blackberry-twined
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
The maiden clung to her lover's arm;
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,
Thanked the snake for the fond delay!

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,
To paint the primitive Serpent by.
Cotton Mather came posting down
All the way to Newbury town,
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak
Of Latin, and there another of Greek:
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
Behold! are they not in his Wonder Book?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
If the snake does not, the tale runs still
In Byfield meadows, on Pipestone hill,
And still, wherever husband and wife
Publish the shame of their daily strife,
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain
At either end of the marriage-chain,
The gossips say, with a knowing shake
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!
One in body and two in will,
The Amphisbæna is living still!"

—*Atlantic Monthly—March.*

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—Byron.

Translated for The Standard *from the French of Madame* D'Haussonville.

IN CONTINUATION.....IX.

It is not without a melancholy interest and self-reference that one can study to-day these noble relics of so many a shipwrecked cause. Ireland, Poland, Hungary—must Italy be added, too?—how many such have succeeded each other in this sad and brilliant century, the secret of whose futurity still remains impenetrable! and yet neither intelligence, grand examples of devotedness, nor the sincere love of liberty have been wanting to those generous nations. But all success in this world, at least all final success, is, perhaps, at the price of qualities which are not precisely of the highest order. Able merchants manage their affairs better than saints and heroes. Every day we see the ruined man equal or sometimes superior, to the one who makes his fortune by his side. The spirit of skilful *conduct*, and, above all, of political instinct—that sagacity which, instantly discerning in a given situation where the real interest lies, knows how to make every sacrifice of pride, of passion, of vanity to that interest—sometimes (must it be said?) the sacrifice of honor and virtue too—such seem to be the qualities which ensure success. The three nations whose happy revolutions flame like the beacon-lights of humanity, America, England and the United Provinces, possess, in a high degree, those peculiar faculties which maintain the institutions as well as the conquests of a free people. It has been observed that these are commercial as well as conquering nations. England, bearing a free government in her bosom, has definitively appropriated Ireland to herself. The great democracy which rises across the ocean, so jealous of its own liberty, seems hardly more considerate than her elder sister of the rights of nations and the interests of neighbors. The talent for government, which makes these nations masters in their own limits, often makes them the oppressors of the less fortunately endowed, who are less skilful to defend their rights.

France—if it may be permitted to say it at the present day, when every one speaks ill of his country, while making an honorable exception of himself—France has the right to esteem herself one of the first nations of the earth; and may, without too great vanity, think of herself what all Europe thinks of her army. She has, however, one fault—the greatest of all in the eyes of the French—she has failed where others have succeeded. May it not chance to be because she lacks the qualities which ensure success? and yet, in speech or in literature, who has more good sense than a Frenchman? This nation, so brilliant and so full of life, has conquered half Europe, and has not kept her conquests—and for the same reason, perhaps, have her liberties and her institutions slipped from her [illegible] fairy had condemned her ever to lose what she seizes with so rapid and impetuous a bound.

If we take the word of certain amateurs of paradoxes, who delight in constructing theories upon the accidents of a day, France has never loved liberty; and that wonderful flower of a foreign land cannot grow on her ungrateful soil. Let the illustrious dead of 1789 and 1830 cry out from their tombs against this calumny; a strange one indeed in the century and the land of Malesherbes, Barnave, Mirabeau, Monsieur de La Fayette, Madame de Staël, and, in our own time, Monsieur Roger-Collard, Monsieur de Serre, General Foy, Casimir Perier, and so many others, of the great departed, not to speak of the living. France has never loved liberty, they say. Yet what nation has more resolutely embarked, like Columbus, upon the faith of an idea, inflamed with the pure love of right and justice? Even in her wanderings we find the traces of this noble passion.

But in studying this subject we ought perhaps to discriminate between the love of liberty and the practical understanding of it, however indispensable the union of both may be to success. In practical knowledge our neighbors are our superiors, and France must for a long time take lessons of England and the United States. Contempt, after so many successive failures, would in her be as ridiculous as it is stupid. But, at the risk of provoking a smile, one may, notwithstanding, assert that this nation, so unskilful in her own cause, has, by her generous and disinterested love of liberty, rendered more service to that cause than England, or the world at large; and it is not without reason that the nations of Europe look to France in their hopes and dreams of futurity. Even proud England herself has felt the influence of liberal France; and it is to the revolution of 1830 that the Whigs owed the Reform bill.

The practical understanding of its true interests, and the ability which belongs rather to instinct than calculation, constitute, as it seems to me, the true, the great superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race over our own.

Without entirely adopting the theory of races, so fashionable in our day, it may be said that this Anglo-Saxon race, so admirably endowed with the political sense, has a tendency to regard liberty as a privilege in which it glories for itself and cares little about for others. It would say with Corneille,

"Freedom were nothing, all the world being free."

And this affords an explanation of the scandal that a great republic, now the last, offers to the world, of the institution of slavery in the bosom of civilization. I trust that it would have been impossible for free France to keep for ages her foot upon the breast of a neighboring nation enjoying the supreme blessing which she pitilessly refused to another.

Who has not involuntarily been led to compare the French Revolution of 1830 to the English Revolution of 1788? Difference of opinion there may be, but an impartial judge, of whatever party, would not long hesitate between the two. Had France ever needed, to repel aggression, a despotic faction to bring in a foreign army and a foreign prince? Did the ministers of Louis Phillip ever conspire with the Court of Holyrood, betraying at the same time two masters, as did the ministers of William III.? One might push the comparison farther—certainly without finding it to the disadvantage of France. It has never been virtue or talent that she lacked; but that great good sense, that marvellous tact which carry England slowly along in the path of progress, yielding when she must, never risking all in the hope of gaining all. In the time of the Wars of the Empire, a Marshal, entering a conquered city, demanded a bed of silk and gold for the night. It was not easy to find. "Then," said he, "give me a bundle of straw!"—and he was content with it. Such is often the history of France. After impetuous and premature efforts towards an ideal that escapes her, she yields in discouragement to the humblest conditions. Never were the different qualities of the two nations more clearly displayed than in the recent events. Which nation, during the Eastern conflict, showed the most intelligence and activity? Which did itself most honor in the eyes of Europe? Assuredly it was France. Which finally most profited by the war? Assuredly it was not France.

Strange that the nation whose vanity fears beyond all else to be a dupe is the one that most frequently exposes itself to that misfortune, for want of foresight and good conduct. Unhappily, though experience teaches individuals, it can scarcely instruct nations. And individuals themselves, is experience always sure to be instructive even to them? It is with nations as with men, what we call the fatality of their destiny is, for the most part, only the fatality of their character.

Returning to Robert Emmet, we find him, during his life, very differently estimated; as happens, of course, to every party man. Little by little, as time and passions pass, more and more justice is done to his memory. We have once more put him on trial, and it is for the public to decide whether or not it be right to side with fate against him. Whatever be the judgment pronounced upon his enterprise, the reader cannot fail to see that there was in him a rare mixture of admirable qualities. The splendor of his talents, his generous and ingenuous soul, the heroic delicacy of a heart in conflict with the supreme trial of adversity, make him worthy of tender and respectful interest. But the originality of this nature, at the same time both vigorous and acute, especially consists in the union of the Irish and the English race. Warmth of passion and imagination were allied in him with fierceness of mind and tranquillity of soul. Bold before power, compassionate to the weak and the oppressed, he belonged to the race of popular heroes—the chosen ones of humanity. Issuing, like the Gracchi of antiquity, from the superior classes, they passionately embrace the cause of their country, and devote, unreservedly, themselves to its service. Unfortunately, their fate is often that of the young Irish hero. Compromised by the violence and incapacity of their followers, they fall into the hands of some Lord Norbury or Lord Castlereagh, and are thus crushed between the upper and nether millstone. Although the chief of an insurrection, Robert Emmet had none of the faults attributed to revolutionists; impatience of discipline, hatred of social superiority, indifference in the choice of means. Shall it now be granted to those who were superior to him in prudence of conduct that, more chivalrous than polite, he was wanting in wisdom and judgment?

Two classes of persons are interested in depreciating those who have thus uselessly sacrificed their lives: in the first place, their conquerors, and then those who, being conquered, are resigned. Not choosing to begin again their useless struggles, they banish all that recalls them as a troublesome remembrance. Judge Johnston, in 1825, wrote thus: "It is the destiny of that patriotism that rises above the level of the common mind to draw upon itself the vengeance of irritated power, and to be feebly sustained by timid friends. Persecuted on one side and abandoned on the other, genius soars alone, and, like the ruins of Palmyra in the desert, borrows indescribable and solemn sublimity from the surrounding desolation. Must one then wait to resist tyranny, till men have learned to defend their rights? Will they ever do so, if there be not found some messenger of truth to teach the way of salvation through martyrdom? It is not in vain that Providence has implanted in the human heart the instinct of resistance to oppression."

It is, however, as a fact, certain that Robert Emmet was mistaken in evoking "that delicate and terrible right that slumbers at the feet of all institutions." The bold stroke he attempted might, instead of failing, have succeeded. But he hoped for his country a destiny that was never to be realized. We must always remember that he was hardly twenty-three years old when he died; and what man, great though he may be, looking back to his own early years, will not find that he has been under the influence of passion, and susceptible to illusions and chimeras? There may in early youth be a certain want of balance in the faculties, which by no means proves their absence. When the imagination is strong, it conceals reality. "Energy touches exaltation," says Cousin; "and exaltation is almost always a sublime folly." In every true hero there is also a hero of romance, and the value of our greatest qualities is greatly lessened by their excess. Probably nothing would have been lacking to that rich nature when years should have brought to its aid what no powers can supply—experience. The [illegible] of this short history would perhaps be that youth would do better, even in a just cause, never to become involved in conspiracy. Unhappily it is the concentrated wisdom of nations which says, Oh if youth had knowledge, and if age had power! for when the age of experience has arrived, when man has learned wisdom concerning the chances of fate, his ardor has gone—the very ardor necessary in order to risk what *must* be risked to win success. Submission to circumstances is assuredly a virtue; still, it is so easy a one to practise that we are hardly tempted to admire it. But the swell of heart which casts fortune to the winds, and braves tyranny at every peril, is also a virtue; and which of the two is the most rare? A whole generation disappears from the scene of life, buried in the dust of the grave; whose fate, let us then ask ourselves, is most to be envied? That of the youth who perished in his prime,

"Though spurned beneath the conquerer's feet he died,
Yet never doubting what he deified,"

or those who, surviving all their illusions, have ended by asking of their country only a shelter for their slumber?

The cause of Liberty, like that of justice, is eternal: it counts, in all ages, its soldiers and its martyrs; but posterity is often as unjust as contemporaries to the vanquished. Like them, it idolizes power and success, and is as little careful reverently to gather those scattered veins of gold that glisten through the mournful annals of humanity. And seeing, too, what manner of men they are whom fortune delights to crown with her favors, we experience a new interest in those whom she maltreats. History ought to be the last refuge of the unfortunate. It may be written in the volume of destiny, "Let nations as well as sovereigns often enjoy in peace the fruit of their crimes": but at least let history see and judge them. If absolute monarchy had triumphed in England in the persons of the Stuarts, the popular names of Hampden, and Russell, and Sydney would have been as little known among us to-day as those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Robert Emmet and of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and would live only in the pious memory of a few noble and faithful souls.

Must, then, the after time have crowned their cause before illustrious victims can obtain the homage of respectful sympathy? Are tears the due of none but the martyrs of victory? And that France of '89—that noble victim of history—

"That divine Juliet stretched upon her bier"—

and one day destined to a like awakening—has not she, at least, the right to count these generous spirits as her children? It was of her they learned to love humanity, and to respect the rights of conscience. It may be that the French public, a sure and delicate arbiter of all renown, will be tempted to take an interest in the defenders of a course which, in her days of pride, she called her own.

The following lines, unpublished, yet so popular in Ireland that all the children can say them by heart, will not be read without interest:

ON THE UNINSCRIBED TOMB OF ROBERT EMMET.

Pray, tell me, I said to an old man who stray'd
Drooping over the graves which his own hand had made,
Pray, tell me the name of the tenant who sleeps
"Beneath yonder lone stone, where the sad willow weeps;
Every stone is engraved with the name of the dead,
But, you blank slab declares not whose spirit is fled."

In silence he bowed, then he beckoned me nigh,
T'll we stood o'er the grave—then he said with a sigh:
"Yes, they dare not to trace e'en a word on this stone,
To the memory of him who sleeps coldly and lone;
He told them—commanded—the lines o'er his grave
Should never be traced by the hand of a slave.

"He bade them to shade e'en his name in the gloom,
Till the morning of freedom should dawn on his tomb;
When the flag of my country for liberty flies,
Then let my name and my monument rise!"
You see they obeyed him—'tis thirty-two years
And they come still to moisten his grave with their tears.

"He was young like yourself and aspired to o'erthrow
The tyrants, who filled his loved island with woe;
They crushed his bold spirit—this earth was confined
Too scant for the range of his luminous mind."
He passed, and the old man went slowly away,
And I felt as he left me an impulse to pray.

"Grant heaven! I may see, ere my own days are done
A monument rise o'er my country's last son,
And, oh, proudest task, be it mine to indite
The long delay'd tribute a freeman must write;
Till then shall its theme in my heart deeply dwell—
So, peace to thy slumber, dear shade, fare-thee-well.

THE END.

HOW TO TELL A STORY.

Don't you know, my reader not unversed in the ways of life, that it depends entirely on how the story is told, how the thing is represented or misrepresented, whether your conduct on any given occasion shall appear heroic or ridiculous, reasonable or absurd, natural or affected, modest or impudent? And don't you know, too, what a vast number of ill-set people are always ready to give the story the unfavorable turn, to put the matter in the bad light; and how many more, not really ill-set, not really with any malicious intention, are prompted by their love of fun, in relating any act of any acquaintance, to try to set it in a ridiculous light? Your domestic establishment is shabby or unpretending, elegant or tawdry, just as the fancy of the moment may lead your neighbor to put the thing. Your equipage is a neat little turnout, or a shabby attempt, your house is quiet or dull, yourself a genius or a blockhead, just as it may strike your friend on the instant to put the thing. And don't we all know some people—not bad people in the main—who never by any chance put the thing except in the unfavorable way! Some people have a happy knack for putting in a pleasant way everything that concerns themselves. Mr. A.'s son gets a poor place as a bank clerk; his father goes about saying that the lad has found a fine opening in business. The young man is ordained, and gets a curacy on Salisbury-plain: his father rejoices that there, never seeing a human face, he has abundant leisure for study, and for improving his mind. Or, the curacyis in the most crowded part of Manchester or Bethnal-green: the father now rejoices that his son has opportunities of acquiring clerical experience, and of visiting the homes of the poor. Such a man's house is in a well-wooded country: the situation is delightfully sheltered. He removes to a bare district without a tree—ah! there he has beautiful pure air and extensive views. It is will for human beings when they have the pleasant art of thus putting things; for many, we all know, have the art of putting things in just the opposite way. They look at all things through jaundiced eyes; and as things appear to themselves, so they put them to others. You remember, reader, how once upon a time David Hume, the historian, kindly sent Rousseau a present of a dish of beefsteaks. Rousseau fired at this: he discerned in it a deep-laid insult: he put it that Hume, by sending the steaks, meant to insinuate that he, Rousseau, could not afford to buy proper food for himself. Ah, I have known various Rousseaus! They had not the genius, indeed, but they had all the wrong-headedness. It seems to me that, in the case of many of those fine things which stir the heart and bring moisture to the eye, it depends entirely on the way in which they are put, whether they shall strike us as pathetic or silly, as sublime or ridiculous. The venerable aspect of the dethroned monarch, led in the triumphal procession of the Roman Empire, and looking indifferently on the scene, as he repeated often the words of Solomon, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," depends much for the effect it always produces on the reader upon the stately yet touching fashion in which Gibbon tells the story. So with Hazlett's often-recurring account of Poussin's celebrated picture, the "Et in Arcadia Ego." As for Burke flinging his dagger upon the floor of the House of Commons, and Brougham falling on his knees in the House of Peers, what a ridiculous representation *Punch* could give of such things! What shall be said of Addison, often tipsy in life, yet passing away with the words addressed to his regardless stepson—"See in what peace a Christian can die!" We need not think of things which were essentially ridiculous, though their perpetrators intended them to be sublime; as Lord Ellenborough's proclamation about the Gates of Somnauth, Sir William Codrington's despatch as to the blowing up of Sebastopol, and all the grand passages in the writings of Sir A. Alison. A striking instance of the effect of skilfully putting things may be found in the diary of Warren Hastings. The great governor-general always insisted that his conduct of Indian affairs had been just and beneficent, and that the charges brought by Burke and Sheridan were without foundation in truth. He declared that he had that conviction in the centre of his being; that he was assure of it as of his own existence. But as he listened to the opening speech of Burke, he tells us he saw things in a new light. He felt the spell of the way in which the great orator put things. Could this really be the right way? "For half an hour," says Hastings, "I looked up at Burke, in a reverie of wonder, and during that time I actually felt myself the most guilty being upon earth!" But Hastings added that he did what the boy who has played truant does—he took refuge in [illegible] way of putting things. "I recurred to my own heart, and there found what sustained me under all this accusation."—*Frazer's Magazine: "The Art of Putting Things."*

THE DEATH OF MRS. WORDSWORTH.

Mrs. Wordsworth, widow of the poet, died Monday night, at eleven o'clock, aged 88. *The Daily News* has an interesting notice, evidently from one thoroughly conversant with the Lake circle, and from it we quote rather largely:

There was something mournful in the lingering of this aged lady—[illegible]—but she was not mournful, any more than she was insensible. Age did not blunt her feelings, nor deaden her interest in the events of the day. It seems not so very long ago that she said that the worst of living in such a place (as the Lake District) was its making one unwilling to go. It was too beautiful to let one be ready to leave it. Within a few years, the beloved daughter was gone; and then the aged husband, and then the son in-law; and then the devoted friend, Mr. Wordsworth's publisher, Mr. Moxon, who paid his duty occasionally by the side of her chair; then she became blind and deaf. Still her cheerfulness was indomitable. No doubt, she would in reality have been "willing to go" whenever called upon, throughout her long life; but she liked life to the end. By her disinterestedness of nature, by her fortitude of spirit, and her constitutional elasticity and activity, she was qualified for the honor of surviving her household—nursing and burying them, and bearing the bereavement which they were vicariously spared. She did it wisely, tenderly, bravely, and cheerfully, and she will be remembered accordingly by all who witnessed the spectacle.

It was by the accident (so to speak) of her early friendship with Wordsworth's sister that her life became involved with the poetic element, which her mind would hardly have sought for itself in another position. She was the incarnation of good sense, as applied to the concerns of the every-day world. In as far as her marriage and course of life tended to infuse a new elevation into her view of things, it was a blessing; and, on the other hand, in as far as it infected her with the spirit of exclusiveness, which was the grand defect of the group in its own place, it was hurtful, but it was less an evil than an amusement, after all. It was rather a serious matter to hear the poet's denunciations of the railway, and to read his well-known sonnets on the desecration of the Lake region by the unhallowed presence of commonplace strangers; and it was truly painful to observe how the scornful and grudging mood spread among the young, who thought they were agreeing with Wordsworth in claiming the vales and lakes as a natural property for their enlightened selves. But it was so unlike Mrs. Wordsworth, with her kindly, cheery, generous turn, to say that a green field with buttercups would answer all the purposes of Lancashire operatives, and that they did not know what to do with themselves when they came among the mountains, that the innocent insolence could do no harm. It became a fixed sentiment when she alone survived to uphold it; and one demonstration of it amused the whole neighborhood in a good-natured way. "People from Birthwaite" were the bugbear—Birthwaite being the end of the railway. In the summer of 1857, Mrs. Wordsworth's companion told her (she being then blind) that there were some strangers in the garden—two or three boys on the Mount, looking at the view. "Boys from Birthwaite," said the old lady, in the well-known tone which conveyed that nothing good could come from Birthwaite. When the strangers were gone, it appeared that they were the Prince of Wales and his companions. Of her early sorrows, in the loss of two children and a beloved sister who was domesticated with the family, there are probably no living witnesses. It will never be forgotten, by any who saw it, how the late dreary train of affliction was met.

The dreariest portion of Mrs. Wordsworth's life was after the death of her daughter (Mrs. Quillinan). Her aged husband used to spend long winter evenings in grief and tears week after week, month after month. Neither of them had eyes for reading. He could not be comforted. She, who carried as tender a maternal heart as ever beat, had to bear her own grief and his too. She grew whiter and smaller, so as to be greatly changed in a few months; but this was the only expression of what she endured, and he did not discover it. When he too left her, it was seen how disinterested had been her trouble. When his trouble had ceased, she too was relieved. She followed his coffin to the sacred corner of Grasmere churchyard, where lay now all those who had once made her home.

THE ENGLISH PRIZE POEM.

The hundredth anniversary of Burns's birth was commemorated at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, by an assemblage of fourteen thousand persons. The event of the celebration was the opening of the envelop containing the name of the winner of the fifty guinea prize, which was offered for the best poem. The successful competitor is a lady, Miss Isa Craig. Here is the poem:

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

We hail, this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her Kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;
So through the Past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and sheltered.

To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertain'd him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-soul'd.
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight.
And with its moral foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrow and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trump get blew
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard press'd and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a King for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he array'd himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good; so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit, fool'd, enslav'd—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honors lavish'd on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That by so little at her hands can claim,
Won unrewarded fame
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wander'd near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung;
All—all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons sent forth across the main
To drive the roughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister lands have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not Song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

A WELL-ORDERED FAMILY.

I once spent a week in one of these well-ordered families; it was a great punishment to me; I hope also in some degree to my entertainers. The iron rule of that house was "a place for everything and everything in its place." I wasn't. The disgrace my somewhat vagrant habits led me into there was dreadful. The very first morning I opened Paterfamilias' newspaper, which was always laid in one particular spot upon the breakfast-table, never to be violated by any hand but his. There I stood, with my back to the fire, conning the outspread sheet, and nodding a cheerful good morning to my host when he entered. I had the hardihood even to read to him (out of his own paper!) the last Indian despatch—very politely as I thought—and to request his assistance to decipher the possible place intended by a dozen letters which the telegraph clerk appeared to have selected at random. To do him justice, he bore this inroad on his rights with tolerable outward composure, but I was formally made aware, on the first opportunity, by Mrs. P. of the outrage I had committed, and made to feel as uncomfortable as I deserved. Then I left my handkerchief on the drawing room floor, one glove on the library table, another in the governess's parasol (which certainly was not the place for it, and how it came there I have no conception), and was formally presented with each article separately, and an account of its discovery, in the presence of the whole family assembled for dinner. One day the whole household was under strict cross-examination as to who had come into the drawing-room with dirty shoes. I was the culprit, of course, but I was too great a coward to confess; besides, the lady knew perfectly well who it was, but was polite enough to entertain the fiction that such conduct was impossible in any well-bred person: it must have been one of the children or the housemaids, of course; and the whole investigation was intended for my solemn warning and improvement; just as they used to whip a little boy vicariously to strike terror into misbehaving little princes. Then the terrible punctuality, which made slaves of all of us, and kept me always looking at my watch, and always afraid of being late for something, as indeed I was once for dinner, in spite of all precautions—four minutes and a half exactly. Shall I ever forget it! If they only had the charity to sit down quietly without me—if they had put me off with no soup, cold fish, and the last ragged cut of the mutton—if they had sent me to bed without any dinner at all, as once happened to me when I was a little boy—or inflicted on me any other reasonable and humane form of punishment; but no, there they were all waiting for me in the drawing-room, all standing up, the door set wide open, and the head of the family opening fire upon me at once, before I was well inside it, with, "*Now*, Mr. ——, will you take in Mrs. P." Of course, I hammered and stammered over an apology—"quite unintentional," and so forth. "Oh, of course they knew it must be *quite* unintentional; only,"—in a semi-whisper, "Mr. P. did *not* like waiting for his dinner." There was an abominable child, too, in that family, the very incarnation of premature method and order. All the other children had redeeming points of carelessness and destructiveness about them; and we soon established a sort of freemasonry among ourselves as fellow-culprits, trying to keep each other out of scrapes as much as possible; they conveying to me private warnings as to how soon the prayer-bell would ring in the morning, and in how many minutes the carriage would be at the door, and furnishing me with much valuable secret intelligence as to the enemy's weak points, and the interpretation of the laws of the Medes and Persians, to whom I was in captivity; and I finding substitutes for impounded pencils, mending a broken Cupid who carried the wax matches in his quiver, brushing the boys' clothes after birds-nesting, "before mamma saw them," and actually cutting up the ribbon of my eye-glass into shoe-ties for a young lady who was generally in trouble upon that score. But as to the imp I speak of, he was irreproachable. If I left the door open, he got up and shut it—not quietly, you understand, but officiously and reproachfully. If I took down a volume from its shelf, and it left my hand for one moment, if he could get at it, it was up in its place again before I knew what had become of it. I took courage, one cold morning, there being no one but he and I in the room, to stir the fire, and put the poker, when I had done with it, under the grate (which I take to be the natural place for a poker), when up jumps this well-behaved little monster, and arranges it by rule and measure where he had been told it ought to be. I take credit to myself for very great forbearance—he and I being alone—that I checked an inclination to punch his head with it. Is it excusable in any rational beings to put themselves under such a life-long penance as this, and to bring up their children, and force the unhappy stranger whom they get within their gates to do likewise?—*Blackwood*: "*How to Boil Peas.*"

GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT.

From The London Daily News.

The narrative* now published was composed at the express desire of George III. Mr., afterwards Sir David Dundas, physician to the king, was also Mrs. Elliott's medical attendant, and was in the habit of relating to the royal family some of the incidents and anecdotes he had heard from Mrs. Elliott's lips. The king requested that the lady would commit the story to paper; the lady, of course, dutifully complied. Mr. Bentley has done well in printing the manuscript thus composed. It gives a tragic picture of a tragic time. Suddenly, one Sunday in July, as the lady, with the Duke of Orleans, the Prince Louis D'Aremberg, and others, is returning from the duke's chateau of Raincy, in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris, with the intention of spending the evening at the Comédie Italienne, the lady's servant stops her, and tells her that the theatres were closed—that Paris was all in confusion—that the mob were carrying about the streets the busts of the Duke of Orleans and of Necker, crying, "Vive le Duc d'Orleans!" "Vive Necker!" The gay party were distressed, and the duke most of all. But worse followed. Rapidly the bloody tragedy unfolded—no more venery and fishing, and theatre-going, and flirting of fine lords and ladies. Everywhere there was suspicion, dread, violence, and blood. Mrs. Elliott, we must admit, bore up heroically. Friend after friend was led before the Comite de Surveillance or died on the guillotine. Mrs. Elliott was suspected. With her feet bloody and sore, she found her way to her country house, came back to rescue whom she could, received dreadful domiciliary visits, was arraigned before the revolutionary tribunal, for months lived in filthy jails, with inmates covered with vermin, water her only drink, bad barley bread and pickled herrings her only fare, she who had been the companion of princes, and yet her spirit never gave way; and she could calmly upbraid the brutal myrmidons of infuriated power, even while with rude familiarity they felt her neck, and described how, on account of its length and delicacy, the executioner would have an easy task. There is true English pluck in the woman's heart, and we feel that she would not have emigrated as did the nobles, or voted for the execution of the King as did the Duke of Orleans; but would have battled with and stemmed the tide that was rising to sweep away crown, and altar, and baronial hall. Let us give Mrs. Elliott's

CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

"The duke was a man of pleasure, who never could bear trouble or business of any kind; who never read or did anything but amuse himself. At that moment he was very madly in love with Madame de Buffon, driving her about all day in a curricle, and at all the spectacles in the evening; therefore he could not possibly be planning conspiracies. Indeed, the duke's misfortune was to have been surrounded by ambitious men, who led him to their purpose by degrees, representing everything to him in a favorable light, and hurrying him on till he was so much in their power that he could not recede. Then they threatened to leave him, if he did not consent to their measures.

"I am certain that the duke never at that time had an idea of mounting the throne, whatever the views of his factious friends might have been. If they could have placed him on the throne of France, I suppose they hoped to govern him and the country; and they were capable of any horrors to serve their own purposes. The Duc de Biron excepted (and he was too much led by Talleyrand), there never was such a set of monsters as the unfortunate duke's self-styled friends, who pretended to be acting for the good of their country, at the moment they were plotting its total ruin.

"Such were the people in whose hands the court had left the duke. I say left; for I am persuaded that they might, at the beginning, have got him out of the hands of those *intriguants*, by showing him attention and confidence. He was too powerful to be neglected. Would that they had thought so too, for it would have saved the blood of the unfortunate royal family, and, indeed, perhaps have saved Europe from the dreadful scenes it has experienced since this horrid French revolution.

"The Duke of Orleans was a very amiable and very high-bred man, with the best temper in the world, but the most unfit man that ever existed to be set up as a chief of a great faction. Neither his mind, his abilities, nor indeed his education, fitted him for such an elevation; and I long hoped that his heart revolted at the idea of bringing his country into a state of such cruel anarchy. His factious friends found this out at last, for they never could get him to attend to any of their projects; and some of them were fortunate enough to make a sort of peace with the court; leaving the unhappy duke in the hands of those miscreants whom they had placed about him, who brought others with them like themselves, until they succeeded in his total ruin and dishonor.

"This I am grieved to say; for I had known the Duke of Orleans for years, and he had always been good and kind to me—as indeed he was to everybody who approached him. I had a sincere friendship for him, and would have given my life to save him from dishonor. Nobody can form an idea of what I suffered on seeing him by degrees running headlong into every sort of disgrace; for I am convinced, from the bottom of my soul, that he never thought or intended to go the length he did.

"I have the great comfort of knowing, that, from the first day of the horror in Paris, I always warned the duke and told him how it would all end; and I have most awfully to lament the little influence I possessed over him: for I ever detested the revolution, and those who caused it. My conduct at that time is well known to all the king and queen's friends, and by the French princes now in England, who will do me justice, though they know the attachment I had for the Duke of Orleans, their very gentle but unfortunate cousin. Even when I saw him given up and shunned by everybody, I received him, and tried to make him sensible of his errors. He appeared sometimes as if he felt that he was wrong, and I flattered myself that he would leave it all; but he went from me to Madame de Buffon, of whom he was very fond, but whose politics, I am sorry to say, were those of Laclos and Merlin, whom he always found at her house, where he dined with them every day. They persuaded the pliant duke that all which was going on was for the good of his country; and of course what I had said was forgotten. To my deep regret, I found he was so surrounded that he could not escape their snares, and that I did no good. He only laughed at me, saying that 'I was a proud Scotchwoman, who loved nothing but kings and princes.'"

* Journal of My Life during the French Revolution. By Grace Dalrymple Elliott.

THE PRIZE AUTHORESS.

Miss Isa Craig—"Isa" being short for Isabella—is a young Scotchwoman, a native of Edinburgh, and for two years past resident in London. Early left an orphan, she was reared and educated under the care of a grandmother not in affluent circumstances. With praiseworthy industry, and self-cultivation of her intellectual powers, she early resolved to work out her own pecuniary independence. By occasional poetical contributions to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, she gained the notice and kindness of Mr. John Ritchie, the oldest and principal proprietor of that journal, and for some years she was employed by this early patron and friend on its literary department. In 1856, Messrs. Blackwood published in a small volume a collection of Miss Craig's fugitive metrical compositions, under the title of "Poems by Isa." The author has also been a contributor under the signature of "C." to the poetry of the *National Magazine*. In August, 1857, on Miss Craig's first visit to a London friend, Mr. Hastings, the hon. secretary of the National Association of Social Science, engaged her services in the organization of the society, and to this association Miss Craig is still attached as a literary assistant. The published transactions of the association owe much to her talent and good judgment. At the Liverpool meeting in October last, Miss Craig attracted general notice and commendation by her unobtrusive conduct and tact in the management of some departments of the business. Miss Craig was absent at the Crystal Palace meeting, really ignorant of the success